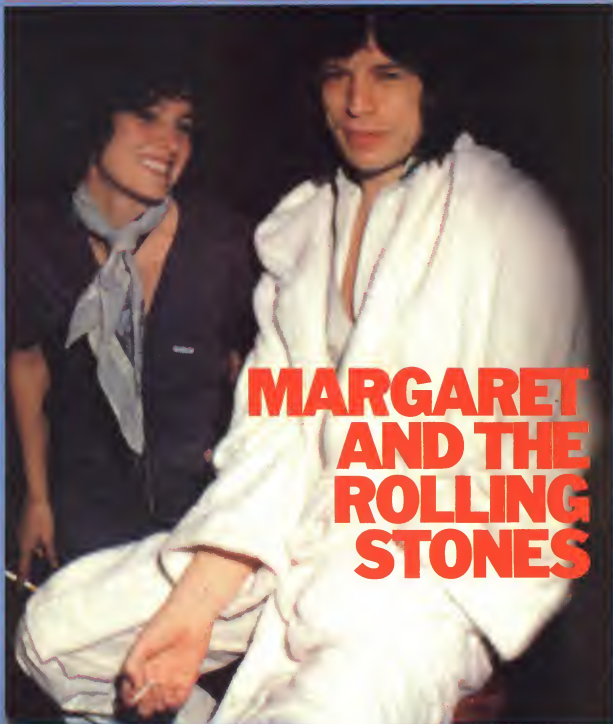


Maclean's



**MARGARET
AND THE
ROLLING
STONES**

Interview

With Dennis McDermott of the United Auto Workers

Dennis McDermott, Canadian director of the powerful United Auto Workers of America, walked through controversy in a briefing session. Composed and poised, a kind of powerful statesman, McDermott has spent most of his life fighting for the blue-collar worker. The ordinary guy on the assembly line. A native of Portsmouth, England, McDermott at 17 joined the British Navy and served from 1939-47 before moving to Canada where he went to work for Massey-Harris in Toronto. A member of the union since he was 26, McDermott now 54, has stayed consistently at by now familiar issues—big business and big government. In January, however, he caused a larger-than-usual stir by launching an attack on organized labor's political arm, the New Democratic Party. Angry that three provincial governments—in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba—had implemented Ottawa's wage and price control program while labor was maintaining a major attack against it, McDermott warned that labor was tired of paying the NDP a bill only to be abandoned in the switch. One of the most ardent critics of Canadian labor spokesmen, McDermott has been tapped as a likely successor to Joe Morris as president of the Canadian Labor Congress when Morris steps down next year. (Morris is Toronto bureau chief Angus Fawcett.) Tapped to McDermott is his spickeen orator in the new one-piece-suit, glass and steel jawline and a mustache in Toronto.

McDermott: What do you think the Canadian labor movement should aim to accomplish this year?

McDermott: Well, of course the first thing I want to get out of the unions known as wage and price controls. That's the number one priority item. The federal government's popularity has so far been diminished quite a bit and they've backed into Mr. [Quebec premier René] Lévesque and the Parti Québécois as one convenient scapegoat. They [the Trudeau government] can't make this a good campaign issue, but they obviously see the need to get rid of wage and price controls because of the reaction of both business and labor.

McDermott: Do you think labor's October 14 day of protest had any impact?

McDermott: Yes. I'm sure that what we've done today, at change of pace in the past 12 months. Even though our communications are somewhat limited, we have nevertheless been able to explain to large numbers of people the situation and the

survival of this [control] program. But I think that what is more important is that people have discovered that for themselves. You know the housewife? "Oh, yes, somebody had to do something and this is good," but her husband's pay cheque is cut and very severely. She goes to the supermarket every Friday night and she knows damn well that prices are not going accordingly. So she starts to shop elsewhere, or her purchasing power



One thing we learned is that we can't always depend on the NDP to fight for us

McDermott: Do you think that's becoming clear to politicians?

McDermott: Yes. But of course, they are visibly disturbed too by the business community when they pull a strike. We just pulled one simple little wildcat on October 14. They [business and industry] have really been going on the premise. They're unwilling to accept it. They're threatening to move, in some cases they're threatening to the United States and so on. And that really has done.

McDermott: You aren't particularly happy about day 14 with the rule that the New Democratic Party has been playing as far as labor is concerned. Why?

McDermott: Well, you know we're disappointed with the role of the [Quebec star] British Columbia government and

the Saskatchewan and Manitoba [Quebec] governments in what I consider the industrial base with which they jumped on the Trudeau bandwagon on controls. And I've tried to explain very carefully that it doesn't hurt them to be kind and to us or to be kind and to them. And I certainly don't expect them to control political solidarity by supporting some sentence that we're on that doesn't look fair to us. But on the other hand, I think it's our right to talk it out before we make a move that affects workers nationally. And I think in any event a relationship such as we have with the NDP needs reevaluation periodically anyway.

McDermott: Should the NDP and the labor movement go their separate ways?

McDermott: Not necessarily, but I think the one thing we did learn as a result of this whole wage control exercise is that we can't depend totally on our political arm to fight for us. The fight against wage controls was carried on in the single responsibility of the labor movement.

McDermott: What really disturbs you about this is coming more distance between the two of you now.

McDermott: No. I'm hoping to close the gap.

McDermott: How?

McDermott: By doing what we're doing now. By forcing some people out into the open and having them discuss openly the labor's role in the party that has been a back seat role up until now. Let's face it.

McDermott: You supported federal vice leader Ed Broadbent when he was running for the party leadership and I gather that you're fairly close to him. Do you think that he has turned his back on you?

McDermott: No, not at all. But on the other hand the federal vice played no role great. But when we're in power, when it comes to the governments of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, it didn't. If we want to be a strongly centralized labor movement with a voice at the national level, we can't have this luxury of having the vice fragmented into 10 different parties in 10 different provinces or being at odds with the role of the federal party.

McDermott: Do you think that the NDP might want to separate itself a bit from labor so as not to be seen as a party of particular interests, so that it can attract a broader political base?

McDermott: Yes. That's the very reason why we took the back seat role consciously and deliberately because we recognize that we have ourselves but that a lot of people outside don't. So we've played that



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role and we don't want to leave the impression that we're a domestic firm [in the sector] or anything like that.

McLellan: Is Laidlaw just saying that because labor might withdraw financial support from the AER if the party doesn't shape up like these people in the vice who would also like to sever the connection with labor?

McLellan: Yes, but I don't believe that a small domestic party operating in a country without some kind of dialogue without some support from the trade unions. It just doesn't make sense.

McLellan: Is this there a hole enough contact between labor and the AER?

McLellan: There certainly hasn't been enough dialogue. Even at the Ottawa level, between the Canadian Labor Congress and the vice leaders, even though they live in the same small town and presumably must stumble into each other about three times a week in the marketplace, there hasn't been the kind of meetings, periodic, day-to-day dialogue that there should be. And as a result of my raising a lot of a fuss about it, a lot of people are reacting negatively. But most of them are reacting positively and saying "maybe we should sit down, maybe we should have some meetings." And there have been meetings of course, as a result of this.

McLellan: Have contacts helped to any extent?

McLellan: I think contacts did bring us together. They did forge a more visible, effective national unity in the form of the CTA. There is still much to be done. Even October 14 was a classic situation in which they had made a decision, but then, obviously, we got a coalition-plus people out and that can only be judged a success by my standards. But we know among ourselves that there are large numbers of affiliated organizations that did nothing and said nothing. And we are still trying to operate in this kind of a fashion.

McLellan: There's been a great deal and about the possibility of bringing industrial democracy to Canada along the lines of the German and other European examples. What do you think of that?

McLellan: Well, I think there has to be a wholesale reorientation of attitudes and, I say this without bias, proximity of many general attitudes. It's fine to take the experience in Germany. The degree of integration of labor in Germany is no greater than even, about a third of the work force. But Germany is a reconverted country. It started out in 1945. Their trade union people were persecuted by the Allied in its early years. It's a little different from Germany, but to try to transplant that onto Canada is an entirely different question. It's fine to talk about it in Scandinavian countries like Sweden, which [just recently] had 50 percent of the work force in industrial democracy. So when I go to Sweden and say that I'm a trade unionist, they say, "Well, what trade union do you represent and what's your position?" I don't

have to spend two hours defending myself and explaining that I'm not a politician and I'm not Jimmy Hoffa and I don't have to defend my very right to exist. You talk about going into a well-regulated [well-behaved] advisory system. Well, in Canada, when a group of modern producers that they want to be represented by a union, then first they go to the Labor Relations Board, and he'll break it down. Some 50 to 60 lawyers descend on them and the arguments go on—all of the legalistic nonsense—and three months later



The assumption seems to be that workers are dishonest, lazy s.o.b.s who can't be trusted

they will not have [union] certification. This doesn't happen in Sweden. That doesn't happen in Germany. So until such time as there is a wholesale reorientation of attitudes and the rest of it.

McLellan: Do Canadians tend to be skeptical of unions, or is it more that?

McLellan: Yes, I suppose they do if they're not associated with them. It's because the unions that count are the ones that can implement the biggest problems. If you have a nice, comfortable little bread-and-butter union that's run on business lines where the business agent is organized and goes out to teach with the money, then it's not there in the status quo. But there you also have unions that have a social conscience, that want to grapple the root of things, that recognize that you can't bring a decent education for your kids or good housing from General Motors. No matter how much collective bargaining power you have. That's the kind of union that gets people angry. Like Rene Lévesque is getting those angry, so challenge to the status quo.

McLellan: You say industrial democracy models really can't be transposed from a country like Germany and that doesn't in Canada, that could we move in that direction on some other way?

McLellan: Of course we could, and the last people who would object to that would be us. You know people seem to think that we get our jollies from strikes. And for anyone who has ever been in one, it's a boring, maddening experience. We're the last people who want it, because we have nothing else. You know, we can be as obstinate and pensive as we want. We can have everybody on our side, including God, and the employer says, "No." What's the alternative? We strike. We strike. I think, something less than about 10% of the time. I think over 90% of collective agreements are reached through amicable negotiation.

McLellan: What do you think would be the first step toward creating some form of industrial democracy in Canada?

McLellan: First, we have to get rid of all some of the old assumptions. All these rules and regulations that are based on the assumption that the worker is a lazy, dishonest s.o.b. who won't work unless he's closely supervised. That's nonsense. You know—the punch on the gut and the time clock. We must start to create an industrial society, a relatively free and open society so that the workers can be treated with dignity and given responsibility and understand that they're trusted. These people are not criminals. They conduct themselves the other 16 hours of each day in normal society as good, responsible citizens. They have to be treated as and supervised and handled all the time when they go into the plant. If every factory was a decent good neighborhood, instead of having a hard hat and a loud voice—that's the kind of industrial democracy that I would like to see as a start.

McLellan: How could we bring that about? Can you bring about these changes through bargaining?

McLellan: Well, I think we can do it through collective bargaining to some degree. The Scandinavian system came about because of the environment on and by the Social Democratic governments, which at one point, after a very bad general strike, simply said to the two sides "If you don't do it, handle that yourselves, then we're going to do it for you." And with that kind of governmental big brother pressure, they gradually got together.

McLellan: When strikes do occur, how can we avoid having an adversary system?

McLellan: Well, I think you're always going to have an adversary system to a degree. Everything is not going to be sweetness and light. And the root of the problem here of the adversary system, is that it's always assumed that the adversary system is on the union's side. And you should see some of these profiles in grey faced out that are turned out by the schools of business administration in this



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"Most of all, if we can learn to see not just the object but the spirit dwelling in this house, we can discover a part of ourselves." Douglas K. Kenney, President, UBC at the opening of the new Museum of Anthropology at UBC

Douglas K. Kenney, President, U B C
at the opening of the new Museum of Anthropology at U B C

On a high cliff, overlooking the Strait of Georgia and the North Shore mountains, stands the new Museum of Anthropology of the University of British Columbia, created by Arthur Erickson. Though the materials this building uses are traditional, they reflect a contemporary architectural idiom, the post and beam structural theme, the landscaping of the site with native British Columbia flora, and the use of totara poles and native cedar. The building's design evokes the character of a traditional Northwest Coast Indian village. The museum pays homage to the culture of the people who first lived there and to their descendants who see the building as a place to show not only that which is lost, but also to show that which is being created today.

National Museums Canada contributed money and experience to the creation of this magnificent museum and continues to fund its operation. This funding is but one example of the almost eight million dollars National Museums Canada is committing this year to assist Museums and Exhibition Centres in their programs to help us discover ourselves and our country.

at Quarry Point, Cape Breton, overlooking Glace Bay. National Museums Canada funds helped complete the new Exhibition Centre at the Cape Breton

Exhibition Centre,
Cape Breton
Museum

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on Miners Museum. Its exhibits graphically portray the hardships and danger faced by the tough Cape Bretoners who worked the coal face. This modest but moving museum, most of it underground, is a reminder of the importance of coal in the development of Canadian industry and a monument to the men who died it.

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In their celebration of the enduring spirit and struggle of two different peoples to exist in self-respect they reflect that which is found in all museums across Canada — the sources out of which the Canadian identity developed. Canada's museums show us how the sharing of values and struggle in the building of our country have contributed to the culture we are proud to call Canadian.

country, the bounty hunters who smack their lips every time they succeed in lining up a victim.

Maclean: The car has proposed a separate advisory body made up of government, business and labor so that there could be an ongoing discussion among these parties. What would you like to see?

McDonough: Well I would like to see something fairly close—not necessarily a complete body of work, but a lot of people are agonizing over the mechanics of the transition. I think we'll find that what they don't understand is that the trade associations usually can't imagine how we can get the concept of networks, legitimate input into the decision-making process, etc. as an alternative to the parliamentary system but as an addition to it. I know that's what we seek. Not some back-and-forth. Under Trade position where you get a lot on the head and an invitation to a conference once in a while, but a steady stream, day-to-day legitimate input into the decision-making process.

Maintenance: *Ed Brashers* has, in fact, opened the transition idea.

McGinness: Well, because he was arguing about the machines and not the overall objective. It looked to him, as it did to a number of other people, that we were setting aside the parliamentary system. We would be the last people to do that because whenever the parliamentary system is substituted by something else we [communists] are the first ones to go. We found that out in Hitler's and Mussolini's days.

Madison: You've given your approval, to a degree, to [Quebec's] René Lévesque, isn't that right?

McDermott Well, what I've done is, I've reacted because I'm so sick and tired of these hypocrites jumping on the bandwagon and castigating the people of Quebec because they dared (theist) the party of their choice, who treat René Lévesque as a four-headed monster and who are now agonizing all over the place about the future of Canada. And they wouldn't stress it. If they had done some of that agonizing the past 100 years, the word separatism wouldn't appear in our vocabulary—and that's all I'm saying.

McDermott: Yes, when you see audio, the separation gets a little bit different. The Flare Quilbels and what the social and other policies are. If I had lived there [in Quebec], I would have voted for the no.

Maclean's Prime Minister Trudeau keeps talking about many expectations and the need to control those expectations, and no doubt he's talking partly about the unions.

MyDermH: Is he going to plant a garden in his swimming pool and grow tomatoes?

Maclean's: What do you think about the question of expectations. Is it part of the problem?

McDermott: It's a lot of hogwash. The people who are preaching all this guff about expectations are the people who

don't need any more. The people who are the first snowfall take off to the black mountains and the Caribbean and places like that. What's the sense of talking to a person who's unemployed about raising cooperation? They haven't even gotten their piece of the action yet. And why should workers take a back seat to fire-opposing members of the corporate structure, who benefit from the productivity that they help to produce?

Maximalist's reply: But at some point, does there not have to be some *best* is-claimant?



The people who preach about 'rising expectations' are those who don't need any more

McDonough: Well, the people we represent have got their belts tightened back to their backbones. I don't know who else we're talking about. It might be a good idea if we talked to doctors about that. It might be a good idea if we talked to real estate commentators. The first people who tighten their belts are the first people who have already got it in their nooses. Nobody talks about cutting back on the minimum wage of the lawyer or the professional or all of the other people who are entitled to a good full-on cut of our wallets.

Madison: In society, though, don't you think there has to be some form of incentive, according to education or whatever, to encourage the development of natural skills?

Meßmer: No, I don't believe in that at all. I've visited the state of Israel and the

doctors over there are working soft just like anyone else. They don't think they have some special status in society. (But in Canada) the doctors, and the lawyers in particular, have always set themselves above everyone else. They even have soft-

governing agencies that put them above the law. They violate the law and they're tried by their own tribunal. No one else has that privilege. And I don't believe necessarily that the acquisition of an academic degree should produce that sort of differential between that kind of person and a person who lives his guts out on an assembly line.

McDonald: But don't you think that if you don't allow monetary incentives for professional people, they would still go to university? I mean, why would you prefer to go to university and get a degree and then work for the government for the same or less than what I'm doing?

McDonald: Okay, I'll tell you the truth of the people on the assembly here is like the attitude that they just don't want to bother because they're not getting enough money. They're not getting enough money. It doesn't seem to be any comfortable incentive points to sit in an alternative to work because they [the workers] are the people who produce the wealth of this country. And I don't know why they're begrudging a part of the wealth that they've produced. I mean, if a corporate head, knocks off \$200,000 a year, plus his stock options, plus this and that. But the person who really produces the wealth, the person that has the horsepower and gets the know-how and all the rest of it, they're not getting anything. And that's the economic main. I just don't see that.

Must leave 'n. One of the male four right now at this sure certainly are removed, wage demands will jump immediately. Do you expect that to happen?

McDonnell: No, my big fear is that if indeed, they have been held back at all in the business community [by controls] they will have much more of a license to plunder than we do. You can't get a wage increase by unilaterally demanding it tomorrow morning, but you can get a price increase that way. A wage gain can be bargained from a relatively equal position. The danger is a price

about the Bosnian community will not respond on a collective, responsible way and that it will support the whole (new privilege) spatial order. I am not sure if this is the case. We [Bosnians] have been sobered up in the past 18 months, and you've got to consider that there were only remnants of labor that were getting whittled away. I think that the Bosnian community is increasing paying. The sort of an worker's look is where of these streets you live to look in some of they were starting from. All the moment and the people that claim up the street, they are not the same. The way it looks and on the statistical sheet, but when you consider they were coming from the mountains wage plus 30%, it doesn't look so bad. I think that labor has been organized. I think that the Bosnian community of resistance is there. We'll probably be the next upstart nation. That's the way it has been in the past. But I've noticed in the view that we won't want to trigger a new war. I think that the Bosnian community is the loser, in a speech of a C.

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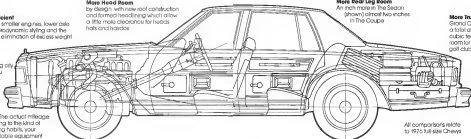
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When Alaskan oil starts flowing, Canada will get its share—every time there's a spill

Column by Walter Stewart

Some news, of course Alaska will begin to move by tanker down Canada's west coast, enormously increasing the probability of a disastrous spill. The oil will move despite the fact that there has, as yet, been no satisfactory answer to two crucial questions: what the hell are the Americans going to do with the stuff when they get it, and what will happen when a calamitous spill occurs? The questions are not related except that both show how implausible, how unworkable, has been the U.S. approach to both ecological and energy issues, issues that vitally affect our future as well as theirs.

The oil is scheduled to flow at the rate of 600,000 barrels a day in July, doubling in 1978. By that time about half the flow will be seepage, that is, there will be 319 million barrels of oil just oozing out around that nobody quite knows what to do with. When the United States was dreaming to push through the Alaska development act, the word was that they had to have the oil for national security, to fight off the wicked Aztecs. Now the stuff is a drag on the market. The Americans still need oil, of course, but not on the west coast. It would therefore be better for the oil companies, and more profitable, to sell off much of the Alaskan surplus to Japan, and Exxon, one of the major partners in Alaska, has a plan to do just that. (The advantage for Canada is that this material, presently, would pose little threat to our shores; all we have to worry about is the danger of tanker bumping into each other and leaking over so they have a respectable belief of doing so on the leaking ocean itself.) The disadvantage, for Americans, is that some day think the oil companies, in cutting national security to push the Alaska scheme, were only fooling, but they can't be used to that.)

Sober, another partner, has proposed to ship oil to Long Beach, California, for pipeline transport to Midland, Texas, and Atlantic Richfield has built a plant especially designed to handle Alaska crude at Cherry Point, Washington, just south of Vancouver, in the industrial waters of Puget Sound. There has been one question, if they survive the agonized scrutiny of ecologists in both Canada and the United States, promise the near certainty of oil spills off our west coast. The U.S. Department of the Interior, in an environmental impact study of the Secho plan, has calculated that it will bring an average per year, nearly seven times as much as 800 oil barrels, runways and playgrounds per area, 33 industrial failures, and 2.4 fires,

explosions and fires/drownings "blowouts," the report says, "the occurrence of a major spill would be rare." It will be rare so long, when our beaches are fouled, our wildlife devastated, local ecology destroyed, that the thing is rare and not regular. (It doesn't look that way, in the first nine months of 1976, there were 604 tanker accidents worldwide, dumping a record 166,277 tons of oil into the water.)



Wreck at the Tarron Canyon, one of the worst spills: shape of things to come?

What will happen when the oil starts washing ashore, nobody knows, but past experience suggests a scenario: The U.S. Coast Guard, which is supposed to police the waters, will report that what happened might not be have happened, and retire from the field. The U.S. government will promise to get tough with the oil companies as time in the future—before the oceans are irrevocably fouled it is hoped—and will point out to us that they of course will not help out that tankers we really the best way to carry oil, and they will dump off their responsibility onto the Coast Guard, the government, the weather, and negligent equipment, all of which, they will hint, are due for an imminent overhaul. Perhaps they will assure a couple of the headlines they distribute claiming that super tankers are safe, and arguing that putting double bottoms on tankers won't help. Trust us they will say

Then everyone will salute until the next spill, when the process will be repeated. At least the Alaskan oil will move mainly in U.S. tankers (the Jones Act requires the use of American bottoms for goods going from one American port to another) near our shores. That will limit the problems linked to "flag of convenience" vessels that avoid U.S. taxes, wages, training, safety regulations and responsibility. When the Chernobyl-inspired Argon Merchant hit a rock off Nantucket last December and dropped most of its 7.6 million gallon cargo (the oil slick extended 180 miles), her accidented owners offered to assume liability up to the worth of the vessel after the accident, namely, nothing.

The American Petroleum Institute, a lobby evoked by major oil companies, frowns on the attitude. Ken Leonard, an institute officer, told me in Washington, "We are very much in favor of safer controls and provisions for liability. There was simply no excuse for the Argon Merchant." (An apt public relations man tried to wipe out this last phrase.) I suggested, "the problem is that people use that industry to not giving a damn about anything but profit. If you are suddenly in favor of regulation, how do you know it isn't just a public relations ploy?" Leonard replied that there have been some problems, and "we certainly have some skeletons in our closets," but he said that, despite opposition from a few members, the institute is "generally committed" to reform.

That is worthy of note, but if Canada truly wants protection we will have to impose our own standards on tankers near our shores, make them tough and make them stick. The Americans will not like this. Leonard said it would constitute "unilateral action" by Canada. So it would. So did our outlawing of a 30-year "atomic waste" offshore; so did our declaration of sovereignty in the Arctic. When trucks cross our borders they must conform to Canadian regulations, why should we exempt oil tankers, these floating atomic sinks, from any meaningful restriction? Leonard didn't answer that question directly. He said it was not the same thing, really, because there was a tradition of noninterference on the sea, and he repeated that the area was working to improve tanker safety through international negotiations. He conceded patience.

Patience is a virtue, but if we keep our word we are likely to be stuck in more and more we will have to seek to answer for so future generations.

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The Smokey Mary

We never dreamed when we first launched the Smirnoff Bloody Mary it would become a global classic. That doesn't mean, however, that most folks know how to make a really good one, or even care to bother. One fellow we know "copied out," as he says, with the Smirnoff Mary. "To put the bite in I just add red hot sauce to the mix." A brilliant idea, for those who hate to fuss. If you should become a Smokey Mary

enthusiast, do price your drinks. Try to remember that when there's smoke, there's fire. To make a Smirnoff Mary pour 1 1/2 ounces of Smirnoff into a glass with ice and fill with tomato juice. Add about a tablespoon of barbecue sauce to taste, a squeeze of lemon, and stir.

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Letters

Just when everything was going along so nicely, too

I want to comment on your recent series of timely articles on extended federalism. However, I must point out two inaccuracies which detract from the quality of the articles. In *Money From Red To White* (January 10), you identify Howard Cole as an Armed Forces Officer. Cole is an officer serving on the Fisheries patrol vessel CCGS Cygnus and is uniform with "Fisheries Canada" on the shoulder ready identification tag as such.

In *Who Rules The West?* (February 7) you show a trucker about dropping his over an unidentified foreign trailer. No wonder it is unidentified, as it is the Department of Fisheries & Environment patrol vessel CCGS Chebeco. The lack of a stern ramp, winch, booms, trawl winch and other work items clearly differentiates it from any fishing vessel.

A COMEAU DIRECTOR
FISH & WILDERNESS
SCIENTIFIC DIVISION
ENVIRONMENT CANADA
HALIFAX

I enjoyed Robert Miller's *Who Rules The West?* and I was pleased that he pointed out to the public that our Armed Forces, in both coasts, perform a most creditable job in assisting with the patrol of the 200-mile limit as well as its military role. Also his mention of the outdated equipment with which the jobs is done makes that performance must better. It is hoped that our federal governments will finally get the head out and give these people the proper tools with which to perform the various functions for which it is to say the least, a forceable task.

DONALD R. MCELROY
LOWER SACKVILLE, NS

By Confederation, for Confederation

The expression "extra-parliamentary opposition" (EPO) used in *The Montreal Mirror* (February 7) was not coined by radical groups of the 1960s in the United States (not excluding radical ones from the United States). The United States does not have a parliamentary system. It is in fact a Canadian contribution with some assistance from the Germans (see under Radio Deutsche to the international New Left Movement in the world of the 1960s). The term was first developed in 1967 by the editors of *Our Generation*, a quarterly now left publication from Montreal. It was most fully developed in the only publication by and for the new leftists in *The New Left in Canada* published by Black Rose Books in 1970.

Second, the article did not attempt to distinguish between the blacklist of 21 and Jean-Pierre Goyer's letter concerning the so-called destructive new left. The representation was left somehow that the blacklist contained new letters and that is completely false.

NICK THERMITE, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,
COUNCIL OF SELF HELP INC. WINNIPEG

The wrong of our ways

I am writing on behalf of employees at CP Rail's Ogden Shops, Calgary. In *Review/You Can't Stop 1976: The Facts* (February 7) you published a photograph of employees leaving the main gate at Ogden Shops. Being one of the persons that picture, I along with the rest of the employees here, am very upset and we take exception to the fact that *Maclean's* is discriminating against every white and East Indian employee at Ogden.

Never once has there been any kind of

violence involving the white and the East Indian. A few years ago there was a dispute between two different ethnic groups but most of them (if not all) don't even work here anymore. That dispute had nothing at all to do with the white.

RONALD ANDREWS, CALGARY

The reader is correct. Our caption would mislead the story on which the caption was based. Maclean's apologizes for the error.

A same what different position of power

John Elson's labor comment, *The Union May Not Really Run Down Today* (February 11) was an interesting overview of the Bullock Report. However, it contained one important error. Jack Jones may well have been voted the most powerful man in the country, but not because he's General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress (TUC). I had the rare opportunity of meeting with the TUC's General Secretary and I can assure you the man is James Murray, not Jack Jones. Jones, while indeed a powerful leader is in fact, the General Secretary of the TUC's largest affiliate, the Transport and General Workers' Union.

LARAIN SING LEE
ASSISTANT GENERAL SECRETARY
RE GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES' UNION
BURNABY, BC

Many a President's slip

In *Smart, Smarter, Smarter* (January 10) Dr. Sidney Drell of Stanford University is referred to as "Stanford's Drell." Maclean's editors in Confederation Time magazine have gone too far.

ROGER HOLLANDER
LOCUST HILL, ONT

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Something of value

Why The Dollar Is Taking A Year-Over (February 7) by Kevin O'Leary and Marilyn Saravand was a very well-written and informative article on a rather complex subject. Never, during my three years in the "nationally renowned" Commerce and Finance program at the University of Toronto were the workings of the money exchange market explained as clearly and as thoroughly as it was explained by your last reporter.

JOHN RICHARD CHILLID, LAW STUDENT
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO TORONTO

Your issue that sees the so-called 95-cent dollar as its cover and the attached comments are very disturbing. There are reasons why you would want to discuss the current exchange rate. It is interesting to compare why strongly unconvicted events—the lowering of the interest rate, the Quebec election, and the doubts about the future of the sea—should come together and cause a change in the exchange rate. It is reasonable that you should try to find the answer to it.

What is not reasonable and not the type of writing that will add to your credibility is the mixing together of such expressions as "grease" and the Chicago futures market to create an aura of being knowledgeable. You might just as well take the experience of a 1st Fleet trader as the authority for the future of the Canadian po-

litical industry. What you are doing is, in effect, using the currency on the thermometer to make factitious diagnosis. There are questions with your opinion but I doubt if your readers are helped by the reasoning that leads up to it. You certainly completely misled the public when you suggest that those elements that you mentioned are the ones that have a decisive place in establishing the value of the dollar.

JOHN KILDEKA NEWHARVEST, ONT.

The rights in Spain is easily misreported

It is sad to see that Maclean's has printed the ill-informed remarks in *Province May "Clare"* (February 7). One would have hoped that you would have learned from the *Blade* already commented by the Western press. First they told us that Juan Carlos I was an inexperienced weakling who would not a year later he has proved himself to be a very shrewd monarch who has built up large popular support and who has become an indispensable guarantee of democracy and stability in Spain. Then a year or so ago the Western press told us that Suarez was the evil of the right and that his government would not survive the summer of 1976. Instead he routed the reactionary forces and achieved the almost impossible goal of reconciling the left with the monarchy.

Now Maclean's tells us that Suarez is in danger of losing his position and that the Spanish progress toward democracy is

gravely imperiled. It is perhaps a little too early to pass judgment on this prophecy of doom, but it would seem that you agree the pessimists are to be proved wrong. Antonio Maura de Gual and Emilio Villaverde have been released without conditions; the army has reaffirmed its loyalty to the King and has been further rewarded from public by royal decree; and the government has proceeded on with its reform policies by making it easier for opposition parties to become legal. It would also seem—heaven forbid—that the violence has subsided. Both rank in.

PHILIP MARK DE VILLARS AARWORTH
ARTICLES EDITOR, ALBERTA LEAN, WEDMONT

Realists, who did the writers ever hear?

Fascinating article on George Chowdhry and "Boring Canada Style" (January 24)! As a former assistant board and president in Toronto (founded up the family million money for three years) your right cross to the chin of the press was, in my view, "poetry in motion."

I remember a similar press conference at the Fraser Tower when my associates and I (Leo Sturges and former prominent light-heavyweight Frankie Bullock) were promoting the Ontario Amateur Heavyweight Championships and there we were with the condescension—George Chynoweth, Clyde Gray, Ted McWhorter and many more—and not one member of the

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Mackean's

Preview

MARCH 21, 1977

Can an obscure MLA find prominence with a right-to-die bill? Indeed

historically in the Ontario Legislature, at least two things were deemed to be self-evident: first, a private member's bill was not to be seriously and terminally ignored; second, a private member's bill was not to be called into question by the government. The bill's name to be compared with Robt. Rae's came non-operative on April 7. On Thursday March, a not-so-Tony Thatcher's son, Sir Norman Omand, will present a proposed amendment to the bill. The bill is debated and voted upon (as is demanded by the Legislature's newly adopted rules) but still will make the same. Once March is passed, the bill will be in jeopardy. In a private member's bill, the government is not bound to support it. The bill's name will engender a noisy and full-blown controversy. Marked as such by the House of Commons, the bill will be referred to a committee on legislation recently placed in California, but not into the details of the bill. The bill (under the new rules) can be blocked if one third of the House objects to it. The bill will be referred to a committee (as is the Legislature) but a second of those people will find out to instruct their doubts to "pull the plug" when the only means of staying alive was through mechanical devices. The bill has a chance of passing.

Don't drive on the grass

Assuming that marijuana and weed ultimately be legalized in the United States (and maybe even in Canada) a whole new set of problems arise. One that especially concerns police departments and state attorneys general is the issue of the growing of grass for legal use. How do you enforce if grass is legal? Then also is the issue with alcohol: now impairment becomes a matter of degree. But there has not been any means (like the breathalyzer) of measuring how much is a good level for the user. There is a good reason a good reason the United States has not legalized marijuana: it is too difficult to develop a blood and saliva test to accurately measure numbers in the blood and the police departments and attorneys lining up for its invention. Dr. Joseph Vincent Smith has been working on this marijuana — he has a PhD, tried it himself and found that it was not as good as he had heard. He is now working on a blood and saliva test for marijuana. "We're not going to let potheads go smoking things up in their cars, are we?"

She remembers Momme

Since her death in 1969 the life of Judy Garland's life story has been almost an inevitability. All the ingredients, including—and especially the pathos—are there, and the success of the biopic on Garland *That's Entertainment Parts I and II*—along with a couple of recent biographies—has re-

verred interest in her. It has always been a matter of when, rather than a matter of who. Who was taken for granted. Like Minnelli—of and when she'd do it. Now it seems that I was ready to play her mother.



Garland Hopi and Minnehaha like mother,...

and not only that—her father, Vincent Mancini, is ready to direct. They are currently looking for an appropriate location for the project, and the first choice is set in, where Garland's star shines as bright as.

The sex kitten

Sometime next month a young and rascally 10-month-old male cheetah will be flown from the Missis Toronto Zoo to new quarters in the Calgary Zoo where he will await the arrival of his first mate—which may take some time, because she has yet to be born. Calgary is counting on a female cheetah from a now-pregnant Chinese offspring at the Assiniboine Park Zoo in Winnipeg to complete the couple and allow for breeding with Cheung (a 10-month-old male) by the end of the year.

may all seem a bit bizarre, but he should be used to the name by now. Not only was he the only kitten delivered by his mother last October (the average litter size is three), but he was immediately rejected by her. He was nursed by one employee Helen Southern and his wife Mabel (and three other Shetlands) in their own home.

The next men?

In a summary, when the United States changes administration, for ambassadors to change as well, since they are mostly political appointments, rewards for loyalty and a means of making sure that the students quite naturally make new appointments. There had been speculation that Thomas Fraser, because he is a career diplomat, might stay on as ambassador to Canada, where he has developed a profile. However, it now appears that he may be replaced, perhaps by New York lawyer William Jacobus van der Horst who was strong enough to spot Jimmy Carter as a presidential candidate in the first US Senate election and to conduct his efforts accordingly. But if he is the President's choice, he may be chosen more of a "It's no body's business what I do" sort of man (Meredith) as the Frasers would be. He is a very young Dutchman, 39 years old, and is a very good person, but I can only say so, not on a purely political basis.

In whose best interest?

[illegible]

Canada

Election? Let's see the budget first

It was a stunning reversal. After making the Conservatives a fair fall year in the influential Gallup polls, the Liberals were suddenly ahead in early February even before Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's swashbuckling visit to Washington; the poll showed the Liberals favored by 40% of the voters and the Conservatives by 37%. Just one month before, the Tories had been ahead, 45-35. Still more dramatic was a poll during Trudeau's running ahead of Conservative leader Joe Clark 62-35 as a head-to-head loss.

Obviously, both Trudeau and Clark professed little interest in the poll. Clark said he was not concerned and Trudeau preoccupied with the arrival of his wife, Margaret (see page 63). We wonder how accurate the figures were. But behind the scenes, the polls prompted a flurry of talk of an early election perhaps this spring, to enable Trudeau to ride the tide of a national unity campaign to another term in office. Said Trudeau: "I don't foresee it. I don't expect any, and therefore, I don't intend calling any election." But the speculation was fueled by the announcement that the spring budget will be brought down March 31, more than a month earlier than usual.

Apart from the fact that a snap election could backfire—just as it did as Robert Bourassa in last year's Quebec election—the timing of the polls and the announcement of the budget date were pure coincidence. The budget date, a response to public pressure for government action to revive a slumping economy, was recently scheduled several weeks before the announcement, but Prime Minister Donald Macdonald delayed, making it public once he changed his mind. Said Macdonald: "If it is an election budget, nobody told me. My personal opinion is there will not be an election in 1977."

Flashes of risk-taking in Trudeau's Canada. The economy is a bad shape with unemployment at a 15-year high and inflation still not under control. Canada's unemployment rate in January stood at 7.5%—above the comparable U.S. figure for the first time since September, 1974. The inflation rate, which had dropped as low as 2.4% last August, climbed to 9.2% in February. There were forecasts that both figures could get worse before they got better. But as always, a move by the government to loosen one of the problems would stimulate the other.



Macdonald is a carefully levelheaded man.

The man confronted with the dilemma in Macdonald. Unlike most other government insiders, which are effective efforts, a budget is almost entirely the sole responsibility of the Minister of Finance. In Canada the Prime Minister and allows him work in the cabinet just before budget.

But in the fall, when he was on his own, Macdonald will produce anything dramatic. This record as finance minister since taking over from John Turner in September, 1975, has been cautious and after an initial backlash with the introduction of wage-price controls, Macdonald's first budget last May was mostly a stand-pat do-nothing docu-

ment involving some minor tinkering. Said Macdonald at the time: "I'd rather be seen as unimaginative than foolishly."

Macdonald's no-risk approach was a disappointment to many who had hoped more based on his performance in previous portfolios. As government House Leader, he had tumbled through rapid changes over self-permanency opposition and as energy minister he had turned the national oil policy on its head and established Petro-Canada, the government petroleum company. But as finance minister Macdonald faced a crushing burden of responsibility that may have hampered him. In the past year, he had to oversee the controls program, bargain a new revenue-sharing agreement with the provinces, and begin revision of the Bank Act as well as manage the economy. "For a while," says one departmental aide, "he was just floundering in a cloud produced by his officials." There was also little room to maneuver in last year's budget which, in a sense made Macdonald's job less difficult. "Last year was easy," says the aide. "We knew we could do very little. But this year it's a real problem knowing which way to turn."

There is no shortage of advice for Macdonald on a high-stakes to take with opposition parties, businessmen, labor unions and consumers all ready with suggestions. Here is a sampling.

The conservatives: There is more agreement between the Conservatives and the New Democrats on the broad, basic steps that should be taken. Both favor a cut in personal income tax for lower- and middle-income people. And a sharp end to controls. Neither is particularly keen on corporate tax cuts or an increased calls there, "giveaways to business." Says Tory Finance critic Basil Stevens: "Corporate taxes need far more radical revision than their own cut."

The businessmen: The Canadian Chamber of Commerce wants the assessment tax credit for businesses, due to expire June 30, raised from 5% to 10%. The Canadian Manufacturers Association (CMAA) is not calling for an increase in the credit but would like it extended beyond June 30 indefinitely. Both the clubs and the chamber would like some reduction in the 12% federal sales tax, as would the Canadian Federation of Independent Business—the spokesman for small businesses—and a cut in personal income tax. On the question of controls there is less animosity among the businessmen. The small business, which do not feel under the controls, would like to see the program continue, but big business is not.

The unions: Labor has concentrated its efforts on ending controls, the sooner the better. Having despaired of persuading the federal government to drop the program, the unions are now pressuring the provinces to withdraw their own controls.

The economists: There are probably as many different views as there are economists, but some general themes do emerge

Joseph Maxwell of the C. D. Howe Research Institute has called for a tax in personal retail sales taxes, which are beyond Macdonald's control. Failing a personal response to federal appeals for a cut, he suggests a personal income tax cut as second best. But Roger Gordon of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce believes corporate investment, not consumer spending, should be stimulated by the government with proposals similar to those recommended by the C.D. Howe of McGill University. On the other hand, spending on income in government spending on energy and transportation, particularly with such cuts in its growth.



Illustration by Peter G. G.

modelled everyone several times, many recently in Washington for his meeting with U.S. Treasury Secretary Michael Wynn. But, unlike the U.S. and Britain, Canada already has a built-in system of automatic tax cuts called "indexation." Suggested by former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield and introduced by Turner in 1975, indexation ties the basic tax exemption to the inflation index. This meant a tax cut on the order of \$950 million on January 1. Combined with increases in old age pensions and family allowances and cuts in personal income taxes and unemployment insurance contributions—all of which are the index-

there will be a transfer of about two billion dollars, back to the taxpayers this year alone. Lower interest rates and the declining value of the Canadian dollar, which dropped below 95 cents on March 8, also helped to ease the burden. In the long term, indexation will also have a stimulative effect.

Macdonald may be worried about overstimulating the economy and starting a new round of inflation if the bangs in new cuts in the budget. But a budget is a political tool as well as an economic document, and the Canadian economy needs a psychological boost. A survey of 220 businessmen by the Conference Board discovered, for example, that only 21% believed now is a good time to expand production capacity. An indexation system is a fairly good change the businessmen's minds. They need a signal from Macdonald. But any measure is likely to be relatively small in scope.

The problem may be that where we need to suffer from one or the other, we have both high inflation and high unemployment occurring at the same time. Says the C. D. Howe's Maxwell: "In a very basic sense, the status quo in Canada is no longer desirable and it is time to make changes in the economy and political structure." In his budget and in his subsequent efforts to find a system to replace

*The last time the Liberals led the Gallup poll was in February, 1975, just before the election. Joe Clark as Conservative leader. The margin was 38-37.



Harold Jeff and Sergeant if the latter is upshot, then the former has a problem

service department. Alas Woodworth is the person who allegedly has been passing information to the Conservative Finance Committee about government contracts and the companies that got them.

Harfield has drawn my knowledge of a kickback system or of knowing anybody who could influence a government contract on the basis of a party contribution. He asked Higgins to withdraw his charges of misuse department information with police investigations, adding that if the Liberal leader refuses he will appoint a judicial inquiry. Said Higgins: "My God, when

are we going to tell the truth of what the hell is going on in this province?"

The kickback issue actually first surfaced last year—and disappeared almost instantly—when a backbench Liberal, Frank Kaur, said he had obtained a letter stating both details of the system. The letter, now the subject of renewed interest since Higgins began his expose, was written by John Trevis, a young Conservative MP who had been appointed in April 1975 by a Newmarket snapper, Billy Sargent. Sargent alleged that the Conservative Party had required him to contribute 4% of

his gross monthly income to the party in order to retain the lucrative business of hauling liquor and beer to provincially operated stores. Sargent said he made the payments for three years but stopped in 1974 and promptly lost the business. Trevis tried to contact the Premier, but he said he failed to get a satisfactory response and passed the information over to the news, setting off an investigation that led to raids last February on lawyers' offices in Saint John and Fredericton—links apparently linked to the Conservative Party's finances.

It has been an open score for generations that patronage and other forms of questionable political behaviour are probably more common in New Brunswick than anywhere else in Canada. But Higgins' charges that the Premier had direct knowledge of kickbacks struck the province like a lightning bolt. Not content with attacking Woodworth as one of those civil servants allegedly involved in the scheme, the Liberal leader—who often chides New Brunswick opponents for their lack of imagination and went on to claim that Harfield and some other cabinet members had actually attended a 1972 meeting with four members of a party committee in which the money collection system was discussed.

Making the charges, said Higgins, was "the most disgraceful act of my political career." Disgraceful or not, he has given New Brunswickers one of their greatest political scandals in years.

DAVID FORSTER

Rats, it seems, shouldn't use too much saccharin

Saccharin has been used as a sugar substitute around the world for more than 80 years. It's found in dry packets, drinkable products, canned fruits, chewing gum, toothpaste and mouthwash. It's widely used in tablet form to sweeten the coffee and diet beverages and others who abstain sugar. But mostly it's found in low-calorie soft drinks, a \$800-million growth industry in Canada alone.

Early this month, however, in moves that astonished food and drink manufacturers and consumers, first Canada then the United States banned saccharin branding. It is a potential cause of cancer. Behind the prohibition was a three-year, \$200,000 study recently completed by Ottawa's health protection branch. Laboratory rats given pure saccharin doses equivalent to a person drinking 800 bottles of diet drink a day over a lifetime showed an increased incidence of malignant bladder tumors, which nearly doubled in second generation rats and were four times as numerous in male rats as in females.

The ban had hardly been announced



before serious doubts were raised over the need for such a move. From a New York lab came a report that extensive feed trials appeared to clear saccharin as a threat to human health. Frederick Condit, director of the Institute for Comparative and Human Toxicology at Albany Medical Centre, reported that after 6½ years of force feeding large doses of saccharin to rhesus monkeys, we found absolutely nothing. No signs of cancer. No nothing. To the insurers of low-calorie soft drinks, who stood to lose

heavily from the ban, the Albany studies suggested government health authorities should take another look at their decision.

No cause of human cancer, although the tests certainly have been questioned. But Dr. Alex Morrison, head of the health protection branch, says he was familiar with the Albany study. Although it took place over more than six years, he says only for monkeys were involved and there was no other productive work over two generations, as was the case in Canada's tests.

Health Minister Marc Lalonde announced the Canadian ban on drinking soft drinks containing saccharin after the studies by July 1. Other foods containing the sweetener (with the possible exception of special items for diabetics) aren't to be sold after November 1. Drugs containing saccharin as a nonmedical ingredient will be prohibited after December 31. Pure saccharin, such as the tablets used by the diabetics to sweeten hot drinks, will be available, but only in drugstores.

But soft drink accounts for 70% of the 455,000 pounds of the sweetener consumed in Canada each year. Now for the second time in a decade (cyclamate sweeteners were banned also as alleged carcinogens in 1969), the soft drink industry is facing losses in the millions of dollars in profits, labels and in replacement machinery. JULIANNE LAROCHE



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The halls of anger

Canada's prisons: a study in failure

By Michael Enright



I'll endure anything, your red hot anger and molten lead, your racks and pokeys and pain—your fenderbump pads, everything that burns and stings and tears—I'll put up with any torture you impose. Anything, anything would be better than this agony of mind, this creeping pain that gnaws and fiddles and swatters me and never lets me rest enough.

—Jean-Paul Sartre in his play, *No Exit*

What I do is in my dictionary and worth my salt, that's what I can look forward to for the next six years, nursing gutter.

—Rockland Folio, 28, an inmate in a Canadian prison

Notes from the prison front: around 9 p.m. last October 5, some inmates at Millhaven Maximum Security Institution near Kingston, Ontario, were working out with barbells in the cool air of the prison's exercise yard. Earlier that day, one inmate had been stabbed by another and rushed to a Kingston hospital. The mood of the inmate population was tense and tense. At the end of the exercise period, a guard picked up a ball from the ground and ordered the prisoners back to their cells. The guard, who had a history of harassing inmates, began calling them names. "Okay, guys, exercise is over, back inside," he yelled. "You faggots, come back inside." "You faggots, come back inside." The guards moved slowly. As they refused to enter their cells. Members of an inmates' committee persuaded them to go to their cells after passing a promise from the head keeper that they would be allowed to watch television after a count was taken. For some reason, a count was not taken and shortly before 10 p.m. the tension started to unravel in the cells. Throughout the night and the next day, they smashed the cells, causing \$750,000 worth of damage. The smashup had three results: the inmate committee was disbanded, prisoners were locked in the cells for 23 hours a day for more than four months, and Millhaven lost its reputation as the most dangerous and desperate jail in Canada.

At the other end of the country, the British Columbia Penitentiary at New Westminster, B.C., is a fortress perched on a hill.

A photograph accompanying this article (see of actual prisoners) or former prisoners in Canadian federal penitentiaries. This was taken by Pierre Gaudin, a freelance photographer living in Montreal.



"The most blatant instrument of human degradation is solitary confinement—the hole"



13 miles east of Vancouver, overlooking the Fraser River. Long condemned as archaic, the pen was designed as much to keep the world out as to keep prisoners in. To understand what kind of place it is, you have to go back to Christmas, 1968. Prison guard Frank Newton and his family were preparing to enjoy the holidays when a package, wrapped in a Christmas present, was delivered to his house. With his 10-year-old son standing beside him, Newton opened the parcel. The package exploded. Newton's arm near Newton's and his son was killed in one go. On Christmas Day, when the inmates heard what had happened to the guard, they cheered from

their cell ranges—loudly, like arms replaced by steel books. Frank Newton now works in the administration office of the prison.

Issue: Somewhere in the Canadian prison system there is a man who, fortunately, simply does not exist. Two years ago he applied for a transfer from one maximum security prison to another. His file was forwarded to the receiving institution, but he was not moved. When he asked what was causing the delay he was told he couldn't be transferred without a file and that his file was not available. The receiving prison had a file but no man and the transferring prison had the man and no

file. He has been waiting for two years for someone to find him.

Issue: A young inmate with three years university education was serving time as a warrant prerequisite for trial. Because of his good behaviour record he was given temporary parole. He landed a job as the superintendent of the largest hourly apartment in a nearby city. He had a master key to every suite, collected rents, checked in new tenants and was generally treated with respect by the building. He was given a rent-free apartment and a salary of \$1,000 a month. After three months his parole officer decided that he would have to quit the job because it exposed him to "too much temptation and pressure." When the young man heard that he was to be enrolled in a community college to learn to drive a bulldozer he fled. Two days later he was returned to the institution to serve out the remainder of his sentence behind bars.

Issue: An Archambault inmate in Quebec (an English-speaking inmate sent the following request to the administration: "I would like to know how to go about having a wristwatch brought in.") The reply, in French, informed him that the request must be made in French because the classification officer's job had been designated as francophone only. This officer, in turn, was trying to get his salary for his bilingual members and the man, wondering about a wristwatch, became a pawn in the argument.

Issue: An inmate in a prison recreation centre permission to retraining. The inmate is in jail. The request was turned down by the director. As it was right, the inmate pulled the decision to the regional administration. After some time the request sent out a memo upholding the director's decision. The inmate, still following the grievance procedure, sent his request to the national office of the Canadian Penitentiary Service in Ottawa. Ultimately, it was turned down by request. The prison took it works.

Issue: Inmates at the striking industrial sector of Montreal's St. Vincent de Paul (now known as the Laval Institute) are given 10 minutes a week to shower. If they fail to meet the time limit, a report on their tardiness goes in a file that would bear on a parole hearing application for parole. One convict has an artificial leg and it takes most of his 10 minutes' showering time to remove it. As a result he now has a number of late reports on his record.

The silent—and often vicious—war being waged inside the angry Cdn. that is Canada's federal prison system is concerning and all-encompassing. It touches the thinking and the behavior of everyone involved with the penalized system. And it costs more than \$200 million a year. The inmates are at war with the guards, who in turn are joined in battle with the administration. The administration, for their part, are up against a smothering, inflexible bureaucracy called the Canadian Peniten-

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tary Service. It is a war where men become file cards and everyone is doing time one way or another. The guards backed by a muscular union want more money, more authority, more training, more protection. The inmates in almost every institution complain of brutal treatment at the hands of their keepers and cry out for simple gestures of dignity. The people who run the system stare at the failure of the rehabilitation effort and wonder what to do next. The practice of caging a man to make him in repent has become a cultism of despair behind the stone-grey walls. And outside the system is a generally unrepentant public that calls for more repression and con-

straints—in 50% did in a recent Gallup poll—that prison are too soft on criminals. No other public bureaucracy in this country has as little public input or attacks as little public attention as the penal system. Only when a major incident sparks head lines does the public respond.

Last year gave the public plenty to respond to. Throughout 1976, there were 27 major incidents of strikes, riots or hostage takings in Canada's prison system, most of them in the 10 tough maximum security institutions. Some 40 people were held hostage in 15 separate incidents. After a riot last September at the St. Pat, parliament itself invited a select subcommittee to study the

problems of penitentiary systems and recommend solutions. Its report is expected to reach May.

Canada has always had the reputation of being fairly positive toward its criminals. Criminal offenses that in other countries are dealt with by heavy fines or strict probation result in prison terms here. In Canada the rate of convicts to prison per 100,000 population is 240 but in Britain it is only 59. Far too many first offenders are sentenced to prison, not that it necessarily will deter them in terms of rehabilitation. A recent study by the federal Law Reform Commission reported that "nonviolent property offenders imprisoned following their first conviction are almost twice as likely to commit a second serious offense as those whose punishment doesn't include jail." When a man is committed to penitentiary, he becomes a member of a closed but fully operational society, independent of everything he knew before, with its own codes of behavior, its own system of justice and punishment and its own set of values. He becomes a target individual, forced to conform to a social structure of which he has no working knowledge. If he is too friendly with the guards, he becomes the object of hatred or even violence by his fellow inmates. If he conforms too readily to his peers, he opens himself up to harassment from the guards and administration. He is told he must rehabilitate himself; yet a great little opportunity or incentive to do so. In an eloquent definition of prison, former inmate Andreas Schneider, who was sentenced for drug possession in '67, wrote in his book *Shutting It Down*: "Prison is a large, ugly, grimy room, filled with hundreds of blind, groping rats, peopled and apprehensive and certain that the world is full of nothing but enemies at whom they must flail and kick each time they break against shut in the dark. Prison is a blur and bewildering marketplace in which sellers and buyers sell about in confusion, neither having the common idea of what to buy or sell." The corner becomes entirely dependent on the painful systems of his peers and his keepers. Whichever powers of judgment he had when he was in are broken by the terrifying need to conform. Says William Ouchridge, chairman of the National Parole Board and a criminologist for 25 years: "The objective of prison is very clearly this: that a crime only viewed as a mist that can make choices and, out of all the available alternatives, choose to commit an offense. When we put him in prison we take away every opportunity of choice he has and then we expect him to be able to make the right choice after he's been released."

A young inmate at Alberta's Drumheller re-education institution put it this way: "You are never too sure what is going to happen to your life. It's all out of your hands. You never know why a request is turned down. You never know what to say to a staff member because you don't know what he's going to put in your file."

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Violence in the art in Canada's mainstream society presents the constant aura of unexpressed violence. There is a feeling that everyone on the inside, guard and inmate, is at risk. It has been established that in some cases guards have beaten and gassed unresponsive prisoners. Some inmates make a practice of throwing bags of excrement into guards' faces. Inmate violence acts of self-mutilation and attacks on sexual offenders and informants occur regularly. Homosexual rape is also horrifyingly common, including attacks on teenage prisoners by groups of older ones. The suicide rate among prisoners is 135 higher than in the general population. Between 1970 and 1976, there were 62 suicides in Canadian pens. In one week in Saskatchewan's Prince Albert maximum security institution, three inmates killed the warden. Last month a group of inmates at the Laval Correctional Detention Centre in Montreal publicly threatened to mutilate themselves unless living conditions were improved. The rights of prisoners are often ignored by the administration. In a study of the rights of prisoners, Professor Gordon Kaiser wrote in the *Queen's (University) Law Journal*: "The fundamental rights of prisoners in the United States have developed to a higher degree than in Canada and in England."

In short, Canada has adopted the worst of each system without incorporating the individual protections provided by either country. The violence could not be played to be destructive. What on the outside would be considered a minor annoyance in prison will often take on the totality of existence inside. "Try to recall how it is to be a patient in a hospital where you are confined and have to take orders," says lawyer Herman. The federally appointed inmate ombudsman, "A civil suit can be a staggering act of violence. The surroundings of a prison themselves make for a chopped suit. Think of being 10 years in a prison without ever seeing a full chair or walking on a carpet."

The most blatant instrument of human degradation is solitary confinement—the hole, or in the euphemism of Millhaven pen, the Environmental Control Area. For breaches of discipline, an inmate can be sent to the hole, with a restricted diet, for up to 30 days at a time. The parole board can be asked out for flagrant acts of defiance, violence or for any act that the administration views as detrimental to the "good order of the institution." Solitary confinement has been deemed cruel and unusual punishment by a federal court in BC and a tool of dehumanization by scientists. In 1973, Dr. Philip Zimbardo at Stanford University in California conducted an experiment on the effects of forced confinement using student volunteers. Students assigned to play as guards began to lose control of themselves and harass the students who were acting the roles of prisoners. The experiment, scheduled to last two weeks, had to be cancelled after six days.

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when it got out of hand. In Manitoba, a group of university students volunteered to be placed in solitary for a week. Most lasted three days. One student who stayed a full week had to be treated by a psychiatrist for severe paranoia. In England, no prisoner can be kept in solitary for more than three days, because it is assumed that after that time his personality begins to disintegrate.

Canadian prison administrators, while acknowledging the hole, see it as a necessary tool in dealing with hard-core criminals. Part of the reason for the increase in violent acts inside Canada's prison is a result of the changing nature of the offender. Fifteen years ago most convicts were in prison because of property crimes and fraud. Now, more than half of the inmates are in prison for violations of parole, narcotics offenses and crimes of violence. As one federal official puts it: "We have ended up in our penitentiaries with a poorer quality of inmates than we had in the past."

Much the same thing could be said of the guards' colonial officers—the guards. Veteran guards talk with relish about the old days when they faced roll call every morning and were subjected to queue-military discipline. The only disagreement here, though, is being a guard in a federal penitentiary is being an inmate. For hours on end, the guard does nothing but open and close doors and watch the prisoners in his charge. The time passes with a tedious

rhythm. He is the front-line officer, charged with the security of his inmates and, as such, becomes the focus of the collective frustration and hatred of the inmates. To the convicts he is the hell, the screw. The hours are irregular and the base pay is low—between \$9,000 and \$14,000 under the existing agreement. But most guards work heavy amounts of overtime that have become a permanent feature of the job. A guard earning upward of \$25,000 is not unusual. One man in Milwaukee boasted openly to me of his pay for California and his Florida missions. In 1975, some 185 Milwaukee guards worked more than 70,000 hours of overtime.

For the most part, guards have nothing but contempt for the inmates of an institution. "Only by working with these people [the inmates] can you learn they're not to take society for all they can get," says a guard at the federal Stoney Mountain correctional facility near Winnipeg. "The employees at a grocery are the forgotten element. Nobody gives an employer's job, nobody controls the prison, understands that we are better beings too." To the average guard, the inmate of an institution is a dark void, an amorphous blob about which outsiders have no knowledge. They disdain the guards and would like to see them go. They feel the public has no use for them and they tend to be inward looking in their relationships. They associate with other guards and their wives and see society as paying

too much attention to the problems of inmates and not enough to their own. They were hurt and angered by the abolition of corporal and capital punishment. They are deeply suspicious of any new theory of penology. One guard at Stoney Mountain, when asked with the thought of ex-inmates coming into the job to work with convicts—a program that has been helpful to some U.S. prisons—sighed with a sneer. "We'll be willing to take ex-inmates working in the institution when the KKK or the Winnipeg city police take them."

While the penal system demands much of its colonial officers, it does little to train them properly. The best guards seem to be those with a military background. They are more disciplined and know how to give a man an order without taking away his dignity. But most guards have less than high school education yet are expected to have a working knowledge of the thousands of regulations contained in the Penitentiary Act, the Regulations of the Commissioner's Directorate, Divisional Instructions, Regional Directives, Institutional Standing Orders and hundreds of policy memoranda. They are put directly on the job after a short indoctrination course at the staff college. Little is done in the way of following training. One man who has been a guard for 15 years said that he has had only two weeks of on-the-job training.



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The result of failing to provide proper training has been a disaster. Typically armed as a western gentlemanly warrior in a permeant tower with a loaded rifle after having failed his weapons handling course. When tear gas was used to quell a 1975 disturbance at Millhaven, one guard insisted that he didn't believe warnings that gas could harm a prisoner with a cardiac condition.

The guards are protected by a strong union, the Public Service Alliance of Canada. In the past few years, the PAC has laid down a hard line dealing with an unruly staff. There has been a one-day national work stoppage to protest the abolition of the death penalty, and union officials have



wanted further military action working conditions are improved. Warren Richardson, the tough-as-iron president of the Millhaven guards' local, has declared openly that he and his men would try to impede new inmates' progress if he thought they threatened the security of his members. In late 1975, former Millhaven director John Downes ordered a 20-day suspension of a guard for missing tear gas. Richardson told Downes if the disciplinary action went forward, his members would withdraw all overtime. Downes refused to back down and the guards refused overtime for three weeks. Some 75 inmates had to be moved to other prisons to keep the prison functioning.



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most members broke with anger at the suggestion that, inside Millhaven, there are between 15 and 20 guards who run the place. The name given the group is the Millhaven Mafia. Says union leader Richardson: "If there is any proof of a mafia or gang squad in Millhaven, bring the proof forward and charge the offenders instead of making unfounded accusations." There have been reports not only of guard brutality toward prisoners but also toward other officers who want to obey the rules. Arthur Trone, an Ontario Regional Director, said he had reports of guards' cars being smashed in the parking lot by members of the hard-core group. Trone admitted there

was a group of Millhaven guards "that we should get rid of," but said he did not have sufficient evidence to fire them.

Millhaven is not an isolated case of guard rebellion. Orinquin, Ontario, also has been described as pen has witnessed a group of guards at the prison of using "unauthorized solitary issues" that have resulted in violence. "He's acting so bad that guards in the cell pen are threatening each other," he says. In testimony before the parliamentary committee, Pierre Gosselin, director of the Correctional Decision Centre in Laval, had an even more alarming tale to tell. He said a small group of guards virtually run his institution and have to train com-

mitted what was called to custody. "Sometimes when I am in my office and there are two inmates still sitting outside, I wonder if I yell for help would it not take some time for them to come. I do not know, it depends."

During its cross-country hearings, the parliamentary committee heard all the horror stories, but it also commented on few encouraging signs. In some institutions, inmate programs are working and relationships between guards and inmates are improving. At Andromeda, Millhaven's Quebec sister prison, inmates staged a peaceful 140-day strike last year which was resolved without incident. The atmosphere there is good and inmates and guards are talking to each other. The Saskatchewan pen at Prince Albert is one of the best run institutions in the country. An inmates' advisory committee is active and work programs for inmates show every sign of being successful. It is also run as an open penitentiary. It was the only institution in the committee's travels that allowed inmates to wear the prison with the MS.

In at least a few prisons, inmate committees are being formed to and efforts are being made to improve food, accommodation and recreation programs for them. There is some sign that overcrowding may be reduced in the next few years as the CTS undertakes a \$300-million building program. The problem is not in financing prisons but finding places to put them. Many communities are opposed to any maximum security prisons in their area. For instance, in the Ontario region, 75% of all prisoners come from an area around Metropolitan Toronto and west to Windsor. But for the past six years, the CTS has been unable to get a site for a new institution in that area.

The committee's report will likely recommend that some guard locals be placed under a form of insolvency. The government and Francis Fox, Solicitor General, will be unable to ignore the committee's report. The 13 members of the committee are unanimously supportive in trying to reach consensus. The committee members have worked long hours and have been committed to the task.

Since 1912 there have been sixteen major parliamentary inquiries into Canada's penal system. Some of the hundreds of recommendations made have been implemented, but many have been ignored. The present committee is going about its business with a quiet sense of urgency. There is the feeling that if this inquiry fails, nothing can stop the system from exploding. And one member is chillingly close to a maximum security pen. "We're trying to stop Africa from happening here," Evans has said. "Even having that lightning, pinpoint, the failure of the existing Canadian prison system as a rehabilitation tool is in the view of the Pacific Board's William Outerbridge much that 'if a man goes out [at present] and says out, he has no one to thank but himself.'"

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The Turner campaign

Never mind what he says. Watch what he does

By Robert Lewis

Eighteen months have passed since John Turner resigned as Prime Trudeau's finance minister, subsequently gave up his parliamentary seat and plunged into the law and has since become a busy St. Pauli lawyer involved in a half-dozen prestigious company directorships. Yet far from the political life as he may be—in a physical sense at least—John Nepier Turner 53, bareheaded, striding in a suit and tie on the ever-changing Canadian political landscape. In virtually any discussion of federal politics these days, the face of the man who quit the cabinet after disagreements with the government over economic policy is still a body and sometimes an acutely debated topic. When the shaky federal Liberal campaign policy weeklong in Toronto this month, Turner's name is bound to figure heavily in candid conversations. His not infrequent speeches attractively provide large headlines. TURNER SPEAKS OUT: MESSAGE FROM MR. TURNER. Quite simply, says Dallas Camp, the Conservative Inquirer by and newspaper columnist, "the most talked about politician in the country today is a retired one—John Turner."

Whenever Turner goes he creates that unmistakable size quality, which, with the exception of Pierre Trudeau and the young John Diefenbaker, is as rare a commodity in Canadian politics. In Toronto, they say, the Turner is the only man who shakes hands on all four corners of King and Bay streets at lunch time. And there are those who are convinced that he eats five lunches a day, since people are forever reporting a sighting. He goes to work on the day of the most pictures manner. First he does, then by bus to a subway that lets him off beneath the beamed and elegant towers of the Royal Bank building. Yet a lawyer who insists the books with Turner recently reported that "the shock heads with more people than I know."

What is this trick, glad-handing fellow smiling about, and what does he want? Answer: nothing less than the prime authorship of Canada, for which he has governed himself as an adult life Conservative leader Joe Clark's people know that and make a point of regularly knocking Ottawa. Turner just in case he ends up being their principal opponent at the next federal election. Trudeau's Liberals know it too, when Pierre Trudeau was last asked about John Turner his barbed rejoinder was "John Who?" Anybody though his political opponents may be, the question of whether Turner will ever achieve his most intense desire remains very much an open

one. When Lester B. Pearson stepped down as Liberal chairman in 1968, Turner seemed a likely heir—until Trudeau snatched the prize away. Trudeau is still there now, after surviving a cycle of push-and-pull and down to appear to be riding roller in the middle again—particularly after his tough and eloquent response to Quebec's election of a separatist Parti Québécois government, and after his well-publicized and generally successful trip to Jimmy Carter's Washington. As an old Turner supporter grudgingly noted of the PM "The man has done it again. He struts out a list, but he can still be home now."

In practical terms, it would appear now that Turner has only three chances of at-



But even if the reality isn't running for anything, he is doing a good imitation

tempting his goal: 1) if Trudeau were to retire (not likely), 2) if Trudeau were to be dropped by the Liberals (doubtful as probable), 3) if Trudeau were to lose the next election (possible). In any of these eventualities, Turner would readily make his move, and would even be available to head a coalition government—should such an unlikely circumstance ever arise. There is even an outside chance that Turner would return to cabinet, but only if Trudeau made a strong appeal and if it appeared that Turner would be the party's certain choice to succeed Trudeau.

Still, on the face of it, Turner today is a man withdrawn from public life, taking a new look at life and building a legal career. "I am just not in the interview game," Turner said when I asked for one. "I'm just minding my own business here in not-on-central-I haven't been to political meetings since I left [Ottawa]."

True, if the word is not spelled with a capital T, but consider some dates: in March, 1976, Turner joined an old, established Toronto law firm, a couple of months of darkness and gave a speech to the Economic Council of Ontario a month after resigning his seat. In April he joined three more boards and granted an interview to *The Montreal Press* international monetary policy. In August after a summer break, he spoke to the Canadian Bar Association, advocating a freedom of information law with rather more vigor than he ever turned to as a measure, then last September, Turner gave an interview to *Toronto Star* columnist Richard O'Grady in which he all but admitted that he is available as a Liberal leader when and if he is called.

And for all of his ostensible reticence, there is little room for doubt in the score of what John Turner speaks of Pierre Trudeau. He believes that Trudeau is destroying the Liberal party, has polarized the country and is using René Lévesque's election in Quebec as a means of clinging to power. He believes that if Trudeau were a more straightforward, the party would have moved to unseat him. Nor has Turner much time for Trudeau's cabinet. He once asked a Montreal industrialist "Which one of those idiots would you hire?" He finds that people in Ottawa are so involved in it is low elite remarking to one associate recently that "there is no tag in the town any more."

Privately, Turner has avoided open attacks on Trudeau, though he has come close. His private reflections, fueled by the bitter memory of Trudeau's smug, last-minute offer, at the time of Turner's cabinet resignation, to appoint him to the bench or Senate, provide the backdrop for several pointed criticisms offered up in some of his speeches.

• At Toronto's Princess Club last November at a war-torn analysis three days after the Quebec election, Turner implied a reformed Trudeau by declaring that "it is not enough to say that we should not negotiate separately—but Canada is one and indivisible."

• Before the Ontario Economic Council last March he pointedly noted that applying Gollubian interventionist economic theory in Canada was "absurd" called for an end to wage and price controls and addressed himself directly to Trudeau. "The Prime Minister warns us that we must change our attitudes. I doubt that we can change men's motives, including the drive for material benefit." He



only on the same three, then said in the dingy style he sometimes affects: "Greed is what makes the world tick, baby."

In the first-class section of a recent CP Air nonstop flight to Calgary, Turner is feeling apprehensive. He mulls over notes for speeches he will deliver that night as the headliner at a campaign political fundraising bash for Conservative MP Jack Horner, who spilled \$275,000 worth of mud on him in the unsuccessful campaign last year for the Tory leadership. When Horner first introduced him, Turner wasn't at all sure that he should attend. "I'll have to bounce that [the introduction] off some walls," he told Horner. Now, having accepted—"I told him it wouldn't do him any harm to be seen in Calgary with Jack Horner," says Jack—Turner debates whether or not to toast his old Commons pal at a fiscal conservative conference where Indians have no voice.

As the toast was about to begin, other speakers on the platform cheered, renewed their seats and polished off their after-dinner liquors. Not John Turner. He sized the \$100-a-plate crowd with a pensive look, panned his lips and tried to raise the mood of those present. A moment later, a faint grin crossed his handsome face and he nodded. He liked what he saw as this noisy room of old men and machines it once abandoned his dog at Horner's 8-manor and, after a few harmless burns, landed into a glowing television set to Horner as "my lord of Tory."

Next morning, in the predawn darkness, as an aid driver supplied by Stan Schnitzer, the man who outspaced Tory leader John Clark to win the High River, Alberta, constituency in his riding in the first election, waited for Turner outside his hotel. After throwing his bag in the trunk, Turner moved reluctantly for the front seat as opposed to the driver—the seat that politicians on the western constituency occupy when they travel by car. It was not clear whether the move was intentional, but only a year after resigning from parliament it was clear that he has not lost his sense of a good seat.

While in a Calgary, Turner had other engagements—his host at the new High River, Lord Shaghnessy, otherwise known as just plain Bill, a vice-president of Canada Northwest Land Ltd. and one of the new boys in the rich North Sea oil play. It was just a usual party, a touch of Calgary geography after all. Shaghnessy and known Turner since the days in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, when the Shaghnessys summered not far from an accommodation on the St. John's River owned by John Shaghnessy, the late Prince Rupert lawyer Lacanum-Governor of British Columbia. After the Horner toast there was another private gathering—post midnight drinks with a group of Calgary lawyers.

For all the political talk that centers on Turner, it may well be that the man has



Turner with Horner jetties public eye for

slipped too far into corporate Canada to overcome him. He posed the Toronto law firm of McMillan, Black as a senior partner at a time when the sensible firm was weak at the top. He did not go there to bury himself in the mysteries of the legal code, but to put the place back on the map. He probably earns something in the region of \$125,000 a year as a corporation lawyer and another \$25,000 or so for sitting on boards, including those of McMillan, Black, Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Investment Fund. He has a \$200,000 house at Toronto's exclusive Forest Hill district and time, after the hectic years in Ottawa, to go to the theatre with his wife, Gail, to ski at Collingwood with their four children and run himself during a 10-day break, as he did last month. He is a runner and looks younger than he did in a dispirited first term under Trudeau.

At McMillan, Black, along with senior partner William Macdonald, Turner has taken over the leadership and says a lawyer from a real law firm "he's been a real asset." He is heading accounts from the corporate side of the country. Given the weighty quality of McMillan, Black's clients, which include the Royal Bank and Algoma Steel, Turner is also in the thick of major deal-making. Never a wealthy man—apart from the country—he now has long-term security. Moreover, he has spun himself a web of corporate contacts who have never been known for the common touch. Turner's seatmate on the board of the Canadian Pacific, for example, include Arnold Hart of the Bank of Montreal, Earle McLaughlin of the Royal Bank and Jake Moore of Bancorp. Hart is also chairman of Canadian Investment Fund where Turner is a director. The board of the Royal Bank, which does business with Turner's firm, includes the unpredictable Basilides, Alfred Whittam of Simpson, Paul Part of Innesco-E. P. Toy-

lor and W. O. Lewis, former head of Imperial Oil. Turner's partner, Bill Macdonald, is on the board at Victoria and Gray Trust and put together the take-dup lobby against his reform and competition policy when they were added to parliament. Says an old friend, when asked whether Turner still seems fit for political leadership: "He's fatterer about the size in the past every once in a while, but the political addition isn't flowing at much any more."

Perhaps not. But at his law firm some of the juniors, who do much of the actual legal shogging for Turner, have concluded that Turner's day there will be very temporary. "He just doesn't seem much interested in practicing law," says one. "He spends a lot of his time talking on the telephone."

On the other hand, there is no evidence of any plan by Turner backers to arrange a party away from his home. Indeed, his close associates, now involved in other pursuits, are asked merely by the same fact that they are one of the party's mainstays with none of the client they once possessed but planned orchestration, not always necessary. As one outside observer, "John Turner has an awful lot of friends across the country and they don't want to see his name forgotten."

Domestic though it is, there is still a Turner network. "The day the wheels is blown," says one observer, "they will be there." In fact, many of the old Turner supporters from the 1968 leadership contest have now moved into key jobs under Trudeau. Vancouver lawyer Paul Platt and Winnipeg urbanologist Lloyd Asworthy have been dropped and as campaign chairman in their respective provinces. Tom Asworthy, Lloyd's brother, is now a staffer in Trudeau's office. Toronto communications lawyer Gerry Giffman is a prominent Trudeau operative. In Montreal there is John de B. Foye, politician and Liberal back roomer since the Pearson

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me. In Ottawa, there is Simon Rousseau, Turner's old deputy in finance who, along with Susan Graddy, another former Turner deputy minister, have opened a consulting business for clients doing business with government. Even the present cabinet reportedly has some Turner fans, including Trade Minister Jean Charest, Defense Minister Bernard Dussan, and Energy Minister Alexander Galt.

Those around Trudeau have a kind of paranoia about Turner to the point that they often ask reporters what they've heard about him. Strategy tends to be played with one eye on Joe Clark and two on John Turner. This tension was almost palpable when Turner showed up for a semi-annual dinner for Michael Stupp last month in Toronto. Turner and Trudeau did not meet, although that potentially could have been arranged had either man been willing. With few exceptions, most members of cabinet avoided Turner and he left the hotel as soon as the speeches ended.

What Turner perhaps knows best of all is strategy. Right now the political odds appear to be running against him. After the Quebec election there were Liberals who felt that Trudeau should go, but such talk has all but vanished since Trudeau's forceful anti-separatist speech in Quebec City and his Washington visit. Turner loyalists are not convinced "Trudeau or no

Trudeau," says one, "if the party is digging by 105 in the Gallup poll by the time of our party convention this fall, the party position will be almost unresolvable." Low-fall when Trudeau looked vulnerable, the re were some fairly open moves against him. At a recent Liberal convention, some delegates calling themselves "The Gold Watch Committee" followed down and corners in the corridors to buy the 194 a tapephone. Around the same time, the Manitoba Liberal council narrowly defeated a resolution calling for a leadership convention.

The chances of similar ramblings at the next national are remote. While Trudeau enjoys no great personal support with his party, the Liberals have a long-standing tradition of not dumping their leaders. Trudeau, who has been reading the diaries of last great political survivor, Mackenzie King, also made it clear last spring he will not be forced out. "If I found in my own mind that a certain number of people wanted to cut my throat," he warned, "I'd make sure I cut their throat first." In any event, Turner, comfortably seated into this world of free enterprise, will probably make no overt opening moves. But, says a friend, "John would not turn his back on his country or his party. Look," he adds only half jokingly, "we Liberals were born to govern. If that benighted is threatened, watch out." ◇



With Trudeau, when they were (intensely) buddies: the connection is preposterous

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A woman in her prime

Face to face with Liv Ullmann

By Michael Posner



Liv Ullmann is on her knees. Her mouth is stretched in silent agony. Her clear blue eyes open widely in their sockets. Sweat forms on her forehead. Now a gag, a muffled scream, rises from her diaphragm, seeps up her throat and escapes in a cry of shocked terror.

"Very good," murmurs the instructor. "Very good. The last pose is really the only ugly pose in yoga. But it is very effective in fighting off the stress and the panic. I can see you all enjoyed it, but I think the one who enjoyed it most of all was Liv."

The cast and crew of the play *Anna Christie* are at their daily yoga lesson, a regular discipline intended to achieve professional serenity. Ex scenes in Broadway, the Eugene O'Neill drama—with Ullmann in the starring role—is in *Alaska* for a month-long run of tryouts. Because of Ullmann, a great many other people are there too. At 37, the Norwegian star is one of the world's most celebrated actresses and a star of a legend.

O'Neill's 1921 play has been readily condemned by critics as hopelessly antiquated. But Ullmann herself has already won six awards for her performance as Anna Christie, the woman reformed by love. Her recently turned inward, Chagrap, a revealing chronicle of her growth from lonely childhood to adult middle age, is a best seller in half a dozen countries, including Canada. And Ullmann's film readership has just bestowed Ullmann with her second Oscar nomination in four years for her compelling portrait of a nervous breakdown in legend Bergman's *Face To Face*. Her work in eight Bergman films, as well as in Jan Tjell's *The Emigrants*, has been marked by a striking emotional clarity, an unerring instinct for exposing the thoughts that belie behind the public masks of her characters. "She makes every innocent mistake," like critic Stanley Kaufman once wrote, "the quietest mistake of what it is about."

All of this has made Liv Ullmann an object not merely of curiosity but of intense fascination. Some identify her strongly with the lonely, brooding characters who stalk the sad landscapes of Bergman's films. Others puzzle over her performance in half a dozen American movies—most notably Ray Harner's musical travesty *Last Morning*—which provided further evidence of her control in the Hollywood studio even the largest talents. Still others regard her as a kind of archetype of the modern woman: strong, independent, yet strangely vulnerable. Devoted from Norwegian playwright Agnar Hagen, she is the mother

of a child—Linn, now 10—by director Bergman, with whom she lived for five years, but never married. Since then, during six years ago she has been linked romantically with many men, including Henry Kissinger. "There was never any sort of target," says Ullmann. "Her current focus is a young Norwegian film distributor."

First, but hardly last, the world comes closer looking with Liv Ullmann. Devoted to her time and attention are incessant. Playwrights are scheduling an in-depth interview. *Time* requests a photo session in preparation for the Broadway opening next month of *Anna Christie*. *TV Guide* runs an Ullmann cover. A fashionable Toronto bookstore schedules an author-signing session for a Sunday afternoon and more 100 buyers (at \$9.95 a thousand) upon Liv Ullmann in overplumage and gills. An evening seat, possibly in the balcony, is a request for five minutes of her time to talk about the director, the contents. Eight people ask how her signing hour is looking up. "It's not the best," Liv worried about, she says. "It's the same." Her response is interpreted as a joke.

The actress tolerates these intrusions, signed by a man or woman. She is a woman with a mission: to convince the world that the real Liv Ullmann is not the person it made about in magazines. Beneath the celebrity halo stands an awkward, first-chosen 15-year-old, still waiting to be asked to dance. "Privately we long for exactly this kind of recognition," she writes in *Chagrap*, "that often should perceive what we really are, deep inside." Her book, like a Bergman film, is a visceral self-discovery—a stepping away of accumulated layers of culture. "Just think, here on earth we are a whole mass of women with our silent screams, a whole army of men with their screens. And we hardly hear each other."

Her face invites analysis. The high, widely set cheekbones, the full, sculptured lips, the eyes, which peer directly at her listener, hint at a knowledge of life as exiles (her name still means "life" in Norwegian). This is a face that has turned the pure potential of the soul into a dark, concrete, absolute innocence and bleak despair—projected in the same moment. The design of Ullmann's mugshot may be found in her own life. Born in Tokyo, she spent 10 years in Toronto during the war and attended kindergarten there. Her father, a civil engineer working for the Norwegian air force, died from a brain tumor when she was six, the result of a head ailment, accident with an aircraft propeller. It was a blow from which she never recovered. She remembers her childhood now as being like a vacuum, "a kind of unity." Her dear memories of her father are poignantly evoked in *Chagrap*. "There was someone who once carried me up a flight of stairs and once fully laid me on

a bed. My head rested on the hollow of his throat. That must have been Papa." A man in a brown leather jacket who suggested her head on a creaky road. "That must have been Papa too." Later, after the family returned to Norway, the six-year-old Liv sat in the window looking for men in brown leather jackets and approached her first officers in the street to ask if they were her father.

When the reality of his absence proved too painful, she retreated into fantasy. "I knew Liv would be an actress even when she was little," recalls Ullmann's childhood mother, Janta. "These, you are acting," she'd say, and she would leave the

dingy room to go to her room and pretend to be someone else." At 17, determined to make a career in the theatre, Ullmann went to London for eight months to study acting. Later, after finding her luck with the Norwegian state theatre, she passed a provincial university exam at 20,000 years and was taken for her first role in *The Diary Of Anne Frank*. "In the instant awareness of that little Jewish girl," she writes in *Chagrap*, her journal *Anna*. "She recognized something of herself—her own dream that love was the most important thing and would outlive a world that appeared painful." By the time she had stepped into legend Bergman as an



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a street in Stockholm in 1964 and he invited her to make a movie with him, Ullmann—on 24—was an established star. She was also making the end of her three-year marriage to Jørgen Steen, "a locus of anxiety" that was starting to unravel. Steen wanted to shield her from the world on set, so, naturally, Ullmann needed to confide in a "loving but mature person" on a childhood ideal of what life was, what marriage was, what family was. But I think one should always listen to the inner voice, the urgent voice."

Her high profile romance with Bergman at once freed and confined her. She gave up Oslo for Film, a desolate Swedish island in the Baltic Sea with a population of only 300 where Bergman built a house for them. Later, the island became a prison, a barren holding place painted shades of grey and brown. Ullmann never really put down roots. Bergman himself seemed at first infatigable, an omnipotent God with unfathomable depths of patience and understanding to the nature of their passion he told her prophetically: "You and I are mutually converted."

But in time, distanced emotionally, Ullmann discovered that her lover was, after all, 20 years older than she, grieving at the temples, vain, egotistical and insatiably jealous—a man seeking someone that she could not provide. She renewed their separation a year before it happened. "I realized it was impossible to live as if my life could only be fulfilled through another person. Profound to stark rupture in someone that from my loneliness and misery." Now the two remain good friends and professional collaborators; she still talks to him once a week whenever she is. ("We have fantastic conversations. I can be in an enormous bad mood and we talk for a while and we become a laughter.")

After the breakup, Ullmann returned to Oslo, rejoined the Norwegian theatre and began a new life, free by its conflicting demands of motherhood and her career. She played Helen in Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and wondered how many Norwegians there are in the world who would like to change their jobs, meaningless lives but never dare. She flew to Hollywood on a 10-day promotional tour for *The Emigrants* in 1973, stayed for months, making two movies (*Lost Horizon* and *40 Caves*). "They told me they were plan ruins. I didn't know at the time that everything [in Hollywood] is a plan ruin."

Moviegoers knew better—and stayed away from movies. Ullmann was disappointed, but not devastated. "Failures are part of the creative process. I learned what my limits are. You can do a lot of things for five or six years. I have to do five. Because today, that would be awful. Now I want my work to be the most awful every minute. There are many years today for me than ten years."

Near the end of her Toronto engagement, Ullmann holds an afternoon press

party in the handsome "private mansion" at the Sutton Place Hotel. It's a raging affair, designed to accommodate what she hopes will be the last interview and photographic session. One novel item has been added: An enterprising young painter named Tony Carr has offered his services. He asks to sit reading of Ullmann's words, glibly noting that she possesses emotional flexibility, is busy about details and is often depressed, "though she keeps that well hidden from other people."

Later, in private, Carr reads Ullmann's letters. A U.S. newspaper, journalist, asks to hear the specifics and Ullmann's reaction, but the actress will not cooperate. "It's too personal," she explains. "It would be like talking about what goes on in the bedrooms." The reporter is puzzled. Finally, fed up with her, Ullmann retreats to bed and the journalist leaves. Ullmann is confused. She finds the law offended. "Was I rude?" she asks. "Was it because I mentioned the bedrooms thing? I told her [the reporter] five times I did not wish to talk about it."

Still, as the retreats from being rude to bedrooms, from tape recorder to camera, her demeanor is unfathomably pleasant. With the exception of questions about her love life, she answers every thing with her dry wit, wit and a touch of self-deprecating humor. She poses for pictures with the room service waiter sent to serve sandwiches and goes to the assembly. She nods amiably to the hotel manager, who comes to say farewell and then disappears at an audible length on the French-style architecture of Washington, DC—site of another pee. Breakdown run off her play that like the flower arrangements that welcomed her arrival. Ullmann's voice is showing signs of decay. She yips, sherry, then cringes over the act. Her behavior finally earns her from Cheyenne. "It is astounding how much anger can be contained behind such a mild facade." Suddenly, the spacious rooms seem somehow claustrophobic.

During her final work in Toronto, Ullmann drives with her mother and daughter to the house she lived in during the war. She is hoping to find something here—just what she is not sure—something that will tell her you played in which three years of her childhood were spent, and of which she remembers nothing. "Maybe if I return there," she muses, "some images may come back. Or maybe some holes you plug into it." These premises of Ullmann climb out of the long black car and stand in the cold stinging air of the pleasant autumn house. Life is impossible. Thirty-five years have passed since the rain around this yard and fell from that second-story window, landing gently on a bed of flowers. Now the state of her memory is empty. All perspectives have changed utterly. Nothing is recognizable—save the unmarked newspaper photographer anxious to record his chance in Toronto. She waves for the camera.

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The World

The siege of Washington, and how the power of prayer somehow prevailed



They struck like unseen responders in a day within days of the release in Washington of a study warning that hostage-taking terrorism was likely to increase. But there was nothing multi-believe about the multi-less persons with which the 12 seizable members of the tiny Hamas Muslim sect marched and shot their way into three of the U.S. capital's most prominent buildings and grabbed more than 100 hostages, most of police, too, had not read their lesson—the study urged restraint and careful negotiation rather than force—the 36-hour siege might have ended in tragedy rather than in the joyful outcome that marked its endgame.

The blow came at 11 a.m. on a springlike March Wednesday. Six financial members of the Hamas sect, led by its 34-year-old head, Khalifa Hamaas, Abdul Khatib, rode up to the 23-story headquarters of Bin Ythil, the Jewish service organization—only six blocks away from the White House. Glim out, machines swinging, they rounded up everyone in their path. An hour later, four more terrorists struck at the Islamic Centre, claiming 15 employees and taking hostages. There was a lack of more than two hours. Then two more members of the sect, armed with rifles, marched into the District Building, the capital's city hall, and took the elevator to the fifth floor. Seconds later, Congressman Marston Barry staggered into the council chamber, where an economic hearing was under way. "I've been shot," he screamed. A bullet had lodged in a quarter of an inch from his heart.



The first hostages out of the Bin Ythil headquarters (top) were released Wednesday, obviously not totally unharmed. The ransom (below) occurred on Friday after a sudden about-face by terrorists.

Barry lived. But Maurice Williams, a 24-year-old reporter for Washington's Howard University radio station, was not so lucky. He was shot dead. Two others were wounded at the building and Meyer Weiler, Washington's barricaded himself into his office, from which he later managed to escape.

For a while, all was confusion. Police who sealed off the three buildings, at first thought the incidents were unconnected. But gradually the link became clear and concern mounted. The word from people

who escaped the terrorists' roundup was that the gunmen had been careful to spare the hostages before locking up. Only one Jew appeared to have been freed.

The hostages themselves had no doubt about their plight. Eight of the older Jewish men at Bin Ythil had been told they would be the first to lose their heads if the sect's demands were not met. Sidney Carter, the organization's director, was to head the line. He said after his release, "There was believed they were fighting a holy war. After they took us they started to up and throw us in the floor. I was terrified."

In back room, too, for the terrorists' demands to be climbed. But the core of Khatib's complaint, which betrayed the motive for the attacks, was his demand that the authorities hand over four Black Mus-



Khader after it all, back on the street

has imprisoned for the murder of seven members of the Hariri sect, including members of Khader's family, in 1975. The Beirut judges, anxious about and influenced by the United States, had wanted to become available after the 1973 murders and "owed" to him "those he held responsible."

During the siege reports, including OCEI radio went silent from the Temple. But they got late evening religious programs—Every Muslim man is a soldier when he recites verses in Adhik—and broadcasts of various groups—"We're going to get them [the people he had demanded or somebody's house is going to get in] here." The police, too, were talking to Khader and his followers. But there was no sign of a crack in the terrorists' resolve despite the efforts of his director General Khaled, ordered into action by President Carter, and U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell.

The stalemate continued into the following day. Flood-jacketed snipers from the three buildings and three of the capital's major arteries were closed, cutting major traffic jams. British Prime Minister James Callaghan entered the White House for talks with President Carter as quietly as Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin had been sprung after the previous day. And there was no lull in the tension. There was repeated talk of decapitating hostages if the besiegers made a false move. Police said that Khader's whereabouts remained unknown and to broadcast, was "being" instead when he began something he doesn't like. "Police in the basement of the B'nai B'rith building continued to negotiate with Khader's bandits behind pained-out windows on the eighth floor. 'I think we can last forward to a long weekend,' said an eye witness."

The crucial move, however, had already been made. Early in the siege, the war department's terrorism office contacted three ambassadors of Muslim countries—Egypt's Ashraf Ghobari, Iraq's Amir al-Husseini and Saudi Arabia's Yashook Khan of Palestine. The three made telephone contact with the terrorists—for a long time, apparently, without result. But at 8 p.m. on Thursday a black limousine arrived at the

B'nai B'rith building and the ambassadors got out and walked into the brightly lit lobby.

For three hours they negotiated with Khader, their conversation with no secretarial assistance for reporters. But the end was near. Around noon on the morning Zaki confirmed a deal had been struck and minutes later 134 prisoners walked to freedom, a checkup at the George Washington University hospital and reunion with their relatives.

The terrorists, dressed in black, had been convinced by messages of Islamic piety and warnings from the Khomeini—one sample featured had been to "believe in Allah and God"—that they were doing a wrong. There were also various unspecified assurances. One of these was revealed when the negotiator and his 11 associates appeared before Superior Court Chief Judge Harold Greene. In an unprecedented move, Greene ordered Khader freed provided that he undertake not to keep firearms, to stay in Washington and to keep quiet before the trial. By Saturday the 11 others were also released on bail ranging from \$50,000 to \$75,000 each (Khader had been released on his own recognizance). All 12 have been charged with armed kidnapping and may be charged with murder.

But none of this weighed much on the mind of a jubilant Mayor Washington. He told reporters, "I didn't give up anything, what I got was 134 citizens alive... and the Lord was on our side."

THE MIDDLE EAST

A less-impossible dream

When the president of Egypt, Syria and the Sudan emerged from two days of talks in Khartoum this month and announced that they had set up a joint political committee, the atmosphere was explosive.



Gaddafi and Gaddafi: It's not clear what they were up to, but it was likely no good

Syria's Hafiz al-Assad and the Sudan's Nurey bin Nurey had a new step toward Arab unity, while Egypt's Anwar Sadat went on record with the view that the concept was "a means of jointly living better."

But in the Arab world, rhetoric often serves to mask the real trend of events and the general view on political circles in Cairo was that the Khartoum meeting—and the "cooperation" announcement of Jordan's King Hussein and Palestine Liberation Organization chief Yasser Arafat at the 60 nation Afro-Arab summit that followed—was in fact significant developments in the effort to pressure power in the Middle East. It was, so the theory ran, a key step in the long process of pacifying and unifying the men in preparation for "Operation Pax America" which President Carter has made clear recently, is almost ready to roll again.

"The United States holds 90% of the cards [and] is in a position to bring just peace to the Middle East overnight," President Sadat is fond of saying. And of late, a "you peace" has become synonymous in both American and "moderate" Arab thinking, with a sentiment that minimizes the stark gap—a stark insult, and a strong U.S. presence in a powerful area of "moderate conservatism." That can be achieved, Arab moderates argue, only by loosening or eliminating those forces—Palestinians and Arab progressives, leftists and "Nasserists" (followers of former Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser)—who they see as the "obstacles" to Palestine. The process is long, arduous and bloody—and it is not yet complete.

Armed revolution of the Palestinians in Jordan in 1970 and 1971 secured Israel's eastern border. Expulsion from Syria of the radical elements of the Ba'athist front

ending the activities of the more moderate elements had the same result on Israel's northern side. Egypt never had an internal problem with the Palestinians. While the Arab world finally settled itself, after 18 months, to put an end to the slaughter at Lybna, the case was finally propitiously looking for a peace settlement in the West Bank. The cage had been set, estimated, \$500 million in Palestinian aid in the next six weeks, more than 10,000 of their people were among the dead and nearly more thousands of their Muslim and left wing supporters were also killed.

While most of Lebanon now enjoys outward peace, the killing is being allowed to go on in the south. There, Israeli-supported right-wing Lebanese forces are actively "wiping out the remnants" of the Palestinian resistance and their supporters. When that is done the area will be returned to routine power toward a peace settlement which has outraged some. Henry Kissinger's second Israeli-Egyptian talks agreement disrupted the area in September 1975.

The Khartoum agreement reinforces security in the Red Sea, is being efficiently policed by Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Israel, which has occupied, unchallenged several small strategically placed Saudi islands since 1967. It completes the cordons around the whole area, isolating the two "dissidents" Arab countries—Iraq in the east and Libya, west of Egypt.

There were unconfirmed reports following the visit to Egypt in January of Chad's President Frelimo Mitterrand that an Egyptian ally may move to take the Chad army in exchange for opening Chad air space to the Egyptian air force. This would extend the modernized Jordan army along one of the southern Libyan borders.

But it is unlikely that the radical elements in the Arab world will give up without a fight—and there are even signs that they may be preparing for one. While the Arab heads of state were in Khartoum, Libya's left-wing Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi was welcoming Cuba's Fidel Castro at Seiba—about two thirds of the way between Tripoli and the border with Chad. The atmosphere—wildly enthusiastic, harkening—was reminiscent of the Egyptian revolution of 1952. The Egyptian leader—was Nasserism in its purest form.

The obvious question posed by the Khartoum-Qaddafi encounter was: were the two radical leaders concealing an attempt to undermine the Arab moderate "peace plan"? If they were they may not lack enormous support. George Habash, leader of the Marxist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine is on record as saying that his and other hard-line guerrilla groups will carry on their war with Israel even if a Palestinian state is established, and the PLO has ruled out any change in its resolve that armed struggle is the only way to liberate Palestine.

VIENNA

Too near the sun?

He started well—picking up tennis balls and playing as a ball boy on the courts of his native Austria. His first job as an apprentice mechanic did not rate much either. But then Gerhard Berger received an unexpected order, and that promise of future discovery led him to a private jet, a private page pull which led to a private jet, a private page pull, a gold-plated Rolls-Royce, an island in a Canadian lake, a handsome re-



Berger and his prize jet: neither his nor behavior for a man who had everything

view—and finally a Vietnamese girl.

While the going was good, it was very good. Berger's parents in his father's home on Ebnau, Austria—in the village of Grazing, where Berthold was for education—were frequent and famous among the Viennese jet set. There were the usual demands to go with the champagne and if the government of the Austrian capital pulled their subsidies too far was ever eager to land his guests aboard his Lear jet and fly them to Rome or Amsterdam for afternoon tea—or something unusual.

In the Vienna field he had his fingers in a dozen well-oiled wheels. Some of them were his own creations, others released from take-overs. Their success started him in his father's footsteps, then the diplomatic aide of Austrian Chancellor. He was regarded as the youngest holder of that honor. In politics he made his mark—as a generous contributor to and promising young member of the right-wing People's Party.

But was Berger's life was not all that it seemed. The police, the way they tell it, Berger, 37-year-old divorced father of two daughters aged 10 and 12, bought art treasures worth eight million dollars for

less than \$30,000 from master braggart and art expert Wilhelm Jaghlich. The treasures, including Titian's Italy Family, said to be worth around five million dollars, had been stolen by Jaghlich from the Rector's Palace in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, and several Austrian chancellors. Berger, according to the police, got to know Jaghlich through Jaghlich's lover, Gerdtrud Schlegel, whom he met while playing tennis in Vienna's courts.

Had not Schlegel needed money badly, Berger might not be discussing his co-



Berger and his prize jet: neither his nor behavior for a man who had everything

pressive wife through Viennese high life Schlegel knew where the Italy Family and the other treasures were hidden—behind a wooden partition in the wine cellar of Berger's Tyrolean retreat—and persuaded her to find a buyer. But Schlegel talked too much and police got wind of the affair. The couple's telephones were tapped and police learned enough to lay a trap. They intervened as American art collector who was contacted for \$800,000 for the paintings. A residential was set at the Hotel Intercontinental in Vienna and when Berger, Schlegel and two other men, both heavily armed, kept it they were immediately arrested.

The recovered loot was returned to Yugoslav authorities in highly distressed condition to a conveyer of trucks. Berger and the three others, meanwhile, were charged with trafficking in stolen art treasures. If convicted they face jail terms of at least five years. The one unknown outcome from Austrian justice officers. Claiming that the art works had been imported legally, they slapped a fine of more than \$400,000 on his lips.

LAWRENCE DAVES

People

Princess Margaret's flirtations with black sheepdom have apparently come to an end. With the Queen of Enn as extended law to celebrate her Silver Jubilee year, the princess, whose separation from Lord Snowden and her relationship with young **Boddy Llewellyn** made her a figure of scandalous proportions a year ago, is allegedly penning her royal duties again. In the past few weeks she has, on her sister's behalf, received two ambassadors at Buckingham Palace and visited various societies and organizations. And she is booked for other functions, including the opening of a new building at Oxford and the All England Badminton Championships in mid-July. The Queen's Bill Joblez Appeal. She's halfway in fact that she's not



Cockburn music hall thrives, etc.

that. Too many people in English Canada, who faced with the threat of separation, say, "Let the bastards go." But I think that's the stupidest course to follow." Cockburn, whose own French interests are mostly in the "novel" field, will use his own English register, just at least one of his many *je ne sais* bouquets completely in French. He is, by the way, not a strict connoisseur of music, two cultures, he has provided French translations for the songs of his four albums and would have started sooner had his brother-in-law writer and translator Marilou Maunier informed him the French a little earlier.

There's something vaguely satisfying about quoting someone to a member of Jimmy Carter's family. The issue is his wife **Gloria Carter Spence**, in fact. "They have won the wind and they still rope the windward." A year ago when the President-to-be was becoming a bit (temporarily) even Glorice and her husband, Walter, got the bright idea of taking off square-track line of their Plaza George, present-day brother Jimmy then called it "his back-slayer scheme" and they stopped at once—but the president had been hit. So neighbor **Bill Cockburn**, a devotee of the new fusion Plaza Baptist Church is making off his 1,000-acre present farm (and what is in the present farm from

about \$1,000 to \$10,000 an acre since local boy made good) and is using the Spence home as his afternoon. So offended are the Spences by the whole thing that they are seriously considering picking up and moving out after 35 years.

Perhaps it's just one of those regrettable if half-known, then-what-I-know-no more, however, but there is a certain amount of irony in **Mr. Leonard Jones**, last of the crowd. Jones whose recalcitrant view on bilingualism got him kicked out of the Conservative Party, is viewing with alarm—quite violently—the status of France into Canadian affairs, specifically the funding of the French-language *Nouvelles* newspaper. "Ingrat, anarchical and wrong" when I was Mayor of Montreal I got to the stage of thinking Canada was a colony of France and so on. But when he was Mayor of Montreal, back in 1967, he held a reception for some visiting French officials and even had a photo taken with them. One of these officials was **Philippe Reardon**, who has been branded a French "agent" as some quarters. And whether or not Reardon is "bringing up trouble" in New Brunswick, as Jones believes, one thing is certain: it was Reardon who arranged for a broad newspaper for *L'Express*.



Reardon and Jones in happier times?

Business

A bit odd, of course, but he gets the job done

By Peter Brimelow

"It's worthwhile to pay for connectivity," says one investment client of G. Leigh Skene, economist with Toronto stockbroker Burns Fry Limited. "Connectors never have a way of not putting out. If you're not used to, you're constantly surprised by change."

Economic is hardly the most obvious descriptor of Leigh Skene. At 50, with his wispy hair, slightly off-beating and short hair like speaks with quiet emphasis, personified with an intense stare and a smoking pipe, in a style that is variously reported as being "spitting" in social groups and actually reflective in large ones. But Skene is a loner. He rarely goes to professional gatherings of fellow economists. His only experiences with Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada and A. E. Ames & Co. convinced him that he didn't mix with large organizations. And in 1973, he left the upper of the bond trading operation he was heading to head a retirement on a farm near Colborne, Ontario, 85 miles from Toronto, leaving the city only once a week to participate in his firm's bond market strategy meeting. His brooding, efficient, his weekly newsletter has fascinated following, and when his firm of Fry Mills Spencer Ltd. merged with Burns Bion & Denton Limited in 1976, with his old colleagues and fellow bond trader Jack Edwards as president, Skene was out as an economist. (William MacNee, the well-regarded if more orthodox Bion economist subsequently found a position at the competing firm of Pictorial Business Row & Company Limited.)

Skene speaks in a radical way. He believes, for example, that modern societies are trapped between what he claims (largely) in technology's tendency to centralization and the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, and the stagnation and movement of the population at large. "Mass is the only person who understands capitalism and technology," he says. There are limits to the indefinite pursuit of growth, of which the overgrowth is merely the first. Social values must change, he says. But his firm is a strictly personal solution and he is not so sure that it is to be done generally. Skene dies away from a general discussion. "Let's not forget Karl Marx" returns to the better part of 1,000 pages and he himself does not put it together as a comprehensive way. "As a self-taught economist—he has a B.A. in Commerce from Queen's—his conceptual base has been built on the way economic education is a pack of uncorrupting wide reading on subjects as unrelated as necro-



Skene & friend: with a nod toward Marx

logy and natural conversations with strangers in places and meetings such as the one that first alerted him to the failure of the Peruvian economy in 1973 and its unexpected resurgence of a general commodity price rise. He is a bawdy, relaxed man on the street, but in the bond world is highly intelligent but at the same time directly noncommittal.

There are some complaints that Skene's work is too abstract. But his supporters believe that he is capable of providing the simple faced investment insight that no amount of detailed number crunching can replace (despite occasional over-prime runs—such as on the Canadian dollar last year). Recent years of his letter have found him preoccupied with what he sees as an unfavorable demographic trend in

Canada that will hamper economic growth for the next 25 years, and the likelihood of the boom in capital spending for which much of the investment industry has been waiting with bated breath. He also has said that the Quebec's accession is economically impossible. And especially in the overall survey, he turns out three times a year with his little Toronto staff. Skene does produce a quarterly analysis. For 1977, he is predicting a Canadian rate of growth of 3% and inflation rate of 35-36% (significantly worse than the consensus forecast) because of his persistent about capital spending, the efficacy of fiscal stimulation and the political scene. But he opines that the Canadian dollar will not rise until 90 cents is widely shared: "It's respect for that reason," he says.

Investment capital

Opposition by a group of minority shareholders to the sale of Toronto-based, \$750-million Imperial Life Assurance Co. of Canada is a Quebec insurance company had collapsed by March 15. Paul Desmarais' Power Corporation Ltd. of Canada received permission for granting an option on an interest block. An offer of \$100 a share to shareholders is expected to be made by June 15.

The financial community's numerous Desmarais-watchers report that Imperial Life, one of the first major acquisitions has been on the market for about three years. The strong personality of chairman Ross Reynolds apparently precluded any merger with Desmarais' other insurance operation, Great-West Life Assurance Company Winnipeg, and to face federal insurance regulations are probably going to see the two companies and their parent industrial association. Reports of interest among Imperial's agents are mirrored by president Gordon Fox. "There's always talk of a sale."

Power Corporation is heavily financial unit in this year, coming from Canada. Security loans will be strengthening programs and the rest of covering the stock in Argus Corporation Ltd., the Toronto holding company Desmarais aimed to take over in 1975. But Power Corporation Ltd. is also "looking outward," as company president Daniel Johnson puts it, for possible investments outside Canada. "Everywhere," he says of possible interest in the United States and South Africa. Desmarais has visited Jewish several times and has just hired away Desmarais' chief trade officer there.

expected to get in her usual wintering in the Caribbean paradise of Montserrat (where she and Llewellyn went last year, a weekend that led to her marriage, being up. She's still living Llewellyn but neither talks about the relationship, life after he died, usually, as "that colorful last day."

Bruce Cockburn has played Quebec before, a number of times in Montreal and once in Quebec City. But back then he was not only a man with a musical taste story, which takes him to such places as the Bedford Music and Jazzyville, in it his own, an attempt at rapprochement with French Canada (it was November 15 on "This important to me, even if it just a gesture—and I think it's a lot more than

Sports

George Chuvalo may be a fat old man—but when you call him that, smile

As a boxing attack, it was hardly surprising: 40 one-sided rounds of punching, holding, boxing, wrestling, and persisting before an aging, bulky George Chuvalo was able to do away with Bob (Pretty Boy) Feltous in the process. "George Jello," as Feltous called him, proved that Pretty Boy, a longtime viral fan, was contagious but not matchless. Chuvalo has no less than 10 Canadian heavyweight title, (including his one of the chummy Canadian Boxing Federation that had taken it away from him).

Physically, the boxer looked almost everything but a beginning and no end. As an attraction, however, it was something else. Despite all the pre-fight knock-out and press and views of hardcore fight fans that they wouldn't call out \$100 to watch it, it was a success—drawing \$60,000 at the gate. Clearly, heavyweights—even old, overweight, and out-of-control heavyweights—are the only boxing draw around. "Who can figure it?" lamented Toronto matchmaker Vince Bugnato. "I put Clyde Gray, one of the best fighters in the world into Hazel Township and he draws 300 people. These guys are the joint cut." Even living Uggrognia, Chuvalo's longtime manager, who refused to appear in George's corner because he felt the whole thing ridiculous, was seen shaking his head in disbelief at the size of the crowd (5,000-plus) in a suburban Toronto locker area.

There were some questions to be answered. Could both these men—Chuvalo, 39, and Feltous, 35—make a fight of it after having both been inactive for three years? Many Feltous refused long enough to accomplish what no other Canadian heavyweights could in many years—defeat Chuvalo? How far could Chuvalo carry 248 pounds, almost 60 pounds over his normal fighting weight? And, should the best, but any doubts, would either, or both, collapse from heart failure? The only two people who seemed to be certain what they were doing, were Chuvalo and Feltous. Pretty Boy, his blue eyes twinkling, sat quietly in his dressing room, listening anxiously that his nerve had made him. "I've wanted a long time for this," he said. "George and I should have settled this years ago. I think he's worried. I feel good. I've gotten beat him." Down the corridor, Chuvalo, his mouth jiggling over the soundbite of his body, his trunk appeared anything but nervous. He dined with his four children, snickered, laughed and teased total confidence. "This guy doesn't worry me. Nobody's a sucker. He'll look to start, but I'll take him out of there."

Outside, the masses crowd waited



Chuvalo hammers Feltous, and shortly thereafter (left): the bigger they are, the more they bleed. The harder they fall.



through a card that was alternately superb and absurd. On the good side, two little undercarders, retired Papaya Baritone and Robby Rowe, treated the fans to a delightful live round of nonstop action. And in the semifinal, paired and colorful Toronto lightweight Nelly Partino carved out a close, but not much decision over another promising newcomer, Ralph Ruane of St. Catharines. On the reverse side were two expert heavyweights, stepped from Buffalo who just couldn't wait to make their money and run. One, filled by two terrible punches in the first round, refused to get up where referee Sammy Kalinberg in disgust, told him his opponent had a heart. "He did it," said the drunken heavyweights from the corner. Lufkin made his usual, but he left a gun soon after.

Finally the main combination appeared. Feltous, at 235 and thick around the middle, was serious. Chuvalo, now so nifty, let's give this over with expression on his puffy face. Within seconds of the opening bell, Feltous set the tone the fight would take out the road. He threw a circular jab and immediately grabbed Chuvalo

in a tight clinch. "I wanted to give him little punching room," Feltous said later. "I figured if he would tie himself up after four rounds, I would make my move." Chuvalo, although sluggish, set to work with his customary vicious body thumps. After the first 10 seconds, Chuvalo knew he would win and began to smile. He hit two good hooks to the body and a glancing head bouncer on the opponent. "How do you like it, baby?" At the start of the eighth round, there was little doubt that he would end soon, and one round later it did. A left and a right put Feltous down for an eight count. Chuvalo finished it with a combination that left his opponent on his hands and knees. Blood streaming from his mouth, he moaned. The referee wisely called a halt.

In his crowded dressing room, Chuvalo, under \$110,000, talked about how easy he had been. "I thought I was going to knock him out earlier. He showed a lot of guts. But he had nothing." The big question, of course, was movement would he now find himself long his gloves up? He would be one to the challenge of the boxing federation and defend his title within 90 days—perhaps for another \$10,000? "I don't know. I'll have to think about it for a couple of weeks. Talk to my family. I feel good out there. I could have just another 300 pounds. I'll wait and see what happens." Pretty Boy, who earned \$3,000 in his largest single purse in 12 years to a pro also bragged. "I feel good. I'm not hurt. George's a good machine. But I'd like to think I wanted to win. By my second round, I'd have to come." JERRY CLARKE

Lifestyles

Margaret in Wonderland

By David Cobb

"I don't intend to be just a rose in my husband's lapel," Margaret Trudeau said once in six years of marriage she has kept strenuously to her promise—never more so than in her high profile visits under that coat to two intimate Toronto performers by Brian's raspy Rolling Stones, followed by a New York guest to the ballet (Michael Baryshnikov) and to a famous photographer (Richard Avedon). In both he was accompanied by her husband, and the upshot in Canada and through much of the English-speaking world—was success, swift, and richly unexpected. She may not have anticipated the extent of the upshot, but Margaret has never intended being the center of attention. For one whole week—while Marlene held 134 people hostage in Washington and France Minister Donald Macdonald fought for press coverage in New York—Margaret Trudeau, 28, was certainly not a lady's lapel flower; she was an entire, heretofore hidden, border of her own, and in national news.

The face was in with Margaret's unexpected visit to the first Stones concert on March 4. The media then went up where she appeared in the following night. Both times (see pages 43-44) she arrived with lead singer Mick Jagger and partner Rod Wood, the could have attracted more publicity only if she'd arrived on the arm of Keith Richards, the group's lead guitarist, composer, who says of days earlier had been bewitched by the new with two charges of possession (heroin and cocaine), one of which to involve them. After all, the Stones were mostly back in the back of the rock band in the world, they are rock's rock, the dark side of the Beatles, a group that for a decade has left behind a reputation of drug-burn violence, and serious death (singer Brian Jones, 33, died in California, 1968—a huge open air hip group, pulled by the Hell's Angels). "I wouldn't want my wife associated with it," drummer Charlie Watts grined as Margaret passed with them in Toronto. Naturally all this is part of the Stones' story, but it was not on the Press Master's wife who, as Margaret Sinclair, had grown up with it.

"I suppose," she bubbled in a radio report when the first two-hour concert on the newly downtown Toronto radio station called the El MacKenzie. The Stones—in their first nightclub performances in 13 years for which they hoped to record out for two upcoming albums—were indeed in superlative form. But what others thought just as remarkable was that (her



Premier's wife in Stones scandal

DAILY EXPRESS

Where is Margaret Trudeau rocking tonight?

The First Lady who got turned on by the Stones...

Daily Mail

A Stones romance? You must be joking

Sun

STONES IN A MYSTERY

Margaret with Wood, and the "shocked" British scandal sheet's reaction to her "lover"

right was the Trudeau's sixth wedding anniversary, and Margaret, being the squeaky-clean of the Toronto (Harbord-Cadby) Hilton, 10 floors from the Stones.

Still, the storm was yet to break. Later that night she went to a Stones party in their suite. She really popped the party one or two and later "Nobody could relax." Spaul wonders: the Stones often relax, by reputation, with a variety of interesting chemicals and Margaret was accompanied by a Mountie. The storm clouds gathered as the Trudeau went to the British legation for the next night and it became obvious that the Prime Minister's Office had no full grasp on her movements. "It's her private life," a Trudeau spokesman said stiffly "and we've moved on trying to see what is behind the way she works."

The storm broke the following Tuesday, the day Margaret and the Stones flew—on different planes—to New York. That night she and Princess Yvonne Kheira, daughter of the late Ayi Kheira and actress Rita Hayworth, went to see *My Darling Clementine*. The Russian ballet soprano at City Centre. Granted by a phalanx of reporters and photographers. Margaret explained she wasn't in New York because of the Stones because she wanted to do some photography—"looking, seeing, capturing that bit!" Blended a copy of *The New York Post* which carried a large photo of the Trudeaus under the headline: TRUDEAUS IN RETIRE, the flung a copy to a row of scribes in front of her. "Buy it—, to all their papers," she snapped. "My husband knows my secretary knows. I believe as myself always." Later Yvonne and Margaret had a highball at the Plaza Hotel, where they were greeted by the Stones' Ron Wood.

By day nine the storm passed, with its patented mixture of pique and scandal-mongering, now onto the story like a pack of *Windanvian* suits and in New York columnist Steve of the *Daily News* put her two bits in. "Ron Wood is Mr. Trudeau's very special Stone—and you can tell with that one. He can probably tell you more about where Margaret is staying than almost even the Prime Minister!" Ron Wood Jagger was heard from. Had Margaret been staying at the Jaggars' New York home? "What? In here? Not with me around, the wouldn't."

If Margaret was troubled by the publicity or the paparazzi that followed her daughter her New York stay she certainly didn't show it. Money who followed her got the experience she enjoyed every moment. On one afternoon shopping expedition along South Avenue with Yvonne and Marcel Honeymoney (Margaret's sister, Ernest's good daughter) she got lost and she roared about for the photographers. She did not even seem put out by two direct questions from the tacit Peter Cooke: "Are you having an affair with Mick Jagger?" "I certainly am not." "Well, what about Ron Wood?" "I certainly am not." She is, currently the object of a government inquiry. Found this exchange too racy and

deleted it from the tape. The only time her spouse forced him when she had to cope with an ex-wife's search of the New York press and those commando upsurge from *Brown's Star*, *Express* and *Mirror*. More than usually briefly after making outside *Arden's* photography studio for as long as they could her husband had again a wall and started barking questions in her that would cause most Canadians to glacially freeze. "How's your marriage?" "How're you feeling?" "Is your marriage happy?" "Is your health okay?" Finally breaking silence. "I'm just going to stay at home and watch *Laurie Rinkoff* on TV."



Richard and lawyer William Gutter going to court in Toronto: the way of a Stone

she was escorted against her arrival at the apartment building where she was staying. "Is your marriage in jeopardy?" she was asked again. "I have no comment to make about my marriage or my life," said Margaret intently. "I don't want to discuss it." Behind her it was one of the few sentences that she had managed to complete since leaving the *Arden's* studio.

As the storm blew itself out in New York and Margaret wept the joys and woes of jet set life, her husband attended his weekly Ottawa press conference with medicalized last composure then went. But he belated the Margaret questions sensibly. "If he goes to a rock concert his is very celebrated, she has to be expected to be noticed and written about," and with wit asked about a British reporter that Margaret's outings had rocked the dollar. Trudeau retorted: "Does it say anything about stamp collection?" He noted that he and his had cancelled some official engagements for March—though after some soul-searching she did return to Ottawa for a dinner at 24 Sussex Drive with British Prime Minister James Callaghan. Said Trudeau: somewhat ambiguously in the light of events. "I am sure you will be a pretty person for a while."

Unanswered because supposed—Peter

Street, was missing having just to avoid the National Press Gallery—were the questions in the back of many Canadians' minds—including the minds of the legions who wish her well and boy wholeside her Sisters. "Do your own thing—come what may philosophy. How strong is the Trudeau's marriage? And, is she missing out of her periodic depressions?"

Of the latter—apart from an emotional "I hate you" quote in New York, speedily retracted—there is little sign. Unlike her performance in South America last year, Margaret's behaviour in Washington in February was clearly a plan: clear-eyed, certain in her thinking and allowing no petty nonsense from the outback wing of the Canadian press-and-photos industry. Of her personal behaviour in Toronto and New York, it can't be said that it was often better than that of those who judged her. It's her judgment that's severely criticized by Liberal politicians. "The nation's at stake here," cried one. "We can't have the wife hanging out with the Stones, for example, when you're at 415." In the public's mind another. "I have seen him Jagger. The only one who gets lost in Trudeau."

The quality of the Trudeau's marriage is a matter of endless Ottawa speculation—and much concerned politeness. It is no secret that she drinks the political life, come, at Harrington. Like last summer when Trudeau was given a T-shirt member in some states, Margaret made a point of covering the national "love" with her hands. "All along," says a friend, "it's been a fairly comic relationship. When they're good it's great, when they're bad it's so-so." Others are not so sure. Notes a top Liberal who believes Trudeau is Canada's only hope to save Confederation and that he may well step down if his marriage is endangered. "Margaret could help cause the break-up of this country."

Others are kindly considerate. Trudeau's reply last May to a question asking if he forewent any rooms that would cause him to resign. "Yes, there are," Trudeau said. "If family circumstances made my job impossible then I suppose I might have to reconsider my job. But that is rather hypothetical," he added, to the surprise of many who thought he was referring to his growing family. "Because Margaret has shown that she has a great ability to adjust."

It's just the ability and, unfortunately, that is currently in question. Nobody much minds that she is known to smoke marijuana, after all she is very much a product of her times and place with liberal castings of her cultural culture. What she has not yet come to grips with is the fact that she is no longer Margaret Sinclair, and though she sometimes gets away with it, she cannot always behave as if she were. Not an apologetic friend. "You have to make your own judgment whether she's attracted a new level of freedom or whether she's just a self-indulgent. Obviously she's not doing Pierre any good right now."

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'Mrs. Trudeau, ladies
and gentlemen ...
the Rolling Stones!'



The quintessential Jagger (left), Margaret and
outlaw Ron Wood (right) and pandemonium at
the 62 Macarena (below): what's a nice girl like
his doing in a place like this? Feeling groovy





Wood, Jagger and Charlie Watts (above), Margaret and Stevie Nicks' road manager (above), Neil Young (below) and with Bill and Astrid Wynne (right); the supergroup



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Science

She may not be much to look at, but she's a great conversationalist

Q. How do you talk to a 400-pound gorilla?
A. Patiently. Very patiently.

It only comes at no surprise to Charles Heaton, Buddy McDonald, Maurice Evans and all the rest of the gang from *Planet of the Apes*, but suddenly the old joke's not the least bit funny. The gorillas and chimpanzees are starting to talk back.

In a Stanford University research laboratory recently, the following conversation took place: Francine Patterson, a research graduate student: "Why did you bite me last week?" Koko, the female gorilla: "Because I was angry." Patterson: "Why were you angry?" Koko: "I don't know." The evidence for this exchange was American, the American sign language of the deaf. Patterson has been "speaking" to Koko, who is an loan from the San Francisco Zoo, for 40 years. As a result, Koko now has a "vocabulary" approaching 300 words. She has even learned to combine words into coherent chains, including statements of memory recall and scrub-brush combing. From more than 100 words, it is clear that Koko is not imitating.

Attempts to plumb the amazingly bright minds of chimpanzees and other higher apes began in earnest during the 1940s, when some American psychologists tried to teach a chimpanzee to use the extensive vocabulary of human sign. Yet, like dogs, *and even more so*, chimpanzees are incapable to utter words as communication with man provided the efforts are liberally sprinkled with affection and understanding.

A breakthrough came in 1966 when University of Nevada psychologist Allen and Beatrice Gardner began teaching a female chimp named Washoe to use American Sign. Since then, dozens of chimps and the Stanford gorilla have broken the evolutionary communication barrier in a very real way. "The change we are working with seems to 'step' out of conventional grammar and as a response to the use of sign language is a form of spontaneous communication," says psychologist Roger Fouts of the University of Oklahoma. In one experiment, a chimp frustrated with its inability wanted to take out an anger by hitting its knuckle but instead made the sign for "water," which it then consumed before turning the gesture on and off. Koko, still only half-grown at age five and 165 pounds, was



Koko and Patterson for beyond a simple case of monkey talk, monkey do!

often reluctant to play while being observed. But a hidden camera recorded her playing with two gorilla dolls. Koko "spoke" to one doll: "You are a bad gorilla." To the other she said: "You are a good gorilla." Then she acted out a short play with the two dolls assuming the characters she assigned them to. At the final count, Koko had five two-doll acts and one play. Then the biggest thing.

The next research step involves placing chimps with an American competence alongside others unaware of this method of communication—to see whether the first group will try to teach sign language to the second. Preliminary indications are positive. There are also indications that female chimps versed in American sign language teach it to their young, beginning almost immediately after birth.

Laymen may find it almost unthinkable that man is not the only creature on this planet capable of sophisticated and even abstract thinking as well as specific information exchange.

—THERESA DECKENHORN

The long dry summer

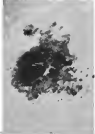
Scarcely a report of North America has escaped the wacky weather this winter. Although extraordinary cold peppered the east (Miami actually received a sprinkling of snow), the more serious problems belong to the west, where an ominous drought is threatening the way of life of more than 40 million Americans and Canadians. It was

into this parched western environment—specifically Denver, Colorado—that 5,000 scientists headed for the 14th annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science late last month. At this largest of all scientific gatherings the chief topic quickly became the drought, and, perhaps paradoxically, the scientists were not modest merely to talk about the weather. They wanted to do something about it.

Even as they talked, a cloud-seeding operation went underway in the mountains a few miles to the west in an effort to wring precipitation from a weak frontal system passing through Colorado. (A patchwork of snow in some mountain areas allowed the rains to open, after weeks of inactivity.) Such is the urgency of the drought, though, that scientists and local residents have debated the benefits of cloud seeding. "No one seems to be upset when seeding removes fog in the vicinity of an airport, but suppose a hurricane, through man-made weather modification, is deflected over a larger area in an effort to lessen the fury at the center of the storm?" asked Ray J. Davis, a University of Arizona law professor. "Who compensates those people who are 'brought within the hurricane's hellaciousness'?"

Said Merlin Williams of the U.S. National Geostrophical and Atmospheric Administration: "Cloud seeding is only moderately effective under the best of circumstances. Weather modification, excluding other existing conditions 30% one day or the other, and sometimes it's only less

then that." Most delegates agreed that despite man's best efforts there is really no way to fight mother nature. The conclusion that have brought drought to the west and thousands to the east are only regarded as accident in comparison to what living persons have experienced. Actually, much older conditions are repeated by climatologists as "normal." Today's climate is not typical, according to Stephen



Sunspot as they go, so goes the weather

El Schneider of the National Center for Atmospheric Research. "The last 10,000 years were warmer than any comparable period in the preceding 300,000 years," he said. Occasionally as in this year, man gets a taste of what might be like. During the Little Ice Age, from 1653 to 1713, Europe and North America shuddered under severe winter conditions. "What's to say what's normal?" says John A. Eddy, a glaciologist specialist at Harvard University. "What we are used to is normal as far as the long-range scale of things it seems that we are living in an abnormally warm period."

That is evidence that droughts similar to this year's occur every 22 years, in direct relationship with the sunspot cycle. Droughts on the plains in Canada and the plains in the United States occurred in the mid-1950s, the 1930s and the late 1880s. Based on this cycle, Schneider and others tentatively predicted the current drought conditions.

Eddy emphasized that solar perturbations, while significant, are only a part of a much broader pattern of atmospheric activity that undoubtedly plays its part in warming the climate. The other factors include aerosol pollution in recent decades, vast continental cover and ice cover, and variations in atmospheric dust content—both man-made and natural (mostly from volcanoes). "With all of these factors it's remarkable that any system can be so disturbed at all."

—THERESA DECKENHORN

Travel

The ship that rocked the boat

Given that no thing is done, it was inevitable that sooner or later the Nova Scotia would get into the cruise-ship line. Given their penchant for political controversy and ill-tempered public projects it was just as inevitable that the decision to guarantee with public funds the \$5.65 million purchase price of the luxury liner *Mercurio* would trigger a rumpus. The ship, now beginning a series of shakedown cruises of *Nova*, scheduled to arrive in Halifax in early June. That run over will make 17 one-week cruises through Maritime waters, stopping at 271 passengers and charging as much as \$125 per trip. The *Mercurio's* operation may be the summer schedule is almost fully booked, which indicates that among holidaymakers, at least, the ship is a welcome addition to the region's tourist attractions. Some Nova Scotians are less inclined.

The purchase of the 11-year-old ship from Lubek Lines of West Germany was facilitated by Seas (Maritime) Area Growth Investments Ltd., a public body created by the federal federal government in 1972 which has borrowed \$20 million and assigned the task of stimulating the Halifax economy. So far, the *Mercurio* purchase has been its most major initiative—a first that has left some Halifaxians disgruntled even so in how the opposition Conservative politicians have reacted.

According to Conservative leader John Buchanan, the *Mercurio* purchase is "one of the sweetest potpourri deals" in so far as the Premier Gerald Regan, not surprisingly, pushes the charge. Caught in the middle has been Scott MacNish, a former Liberal cabinet member who has been serving as the \$400,000-a-year vice-president of Seas. (MacNish recently resigned, apparently in order to accept the \$26,000-a-year compensation of the Nova Workforce Compensation Board.) His critics have

been questioning MacNish's relationship with the men behind the cruise ship, most notably with MacNish's former boss Joseph Noyes. It was Noyes who, with other associates, established a Bahamas holding company (MacNish Bahamas Ltd.) to buy and operate the liner. Local critics are also upset because the ship is registered in the Bahamas, but dappled it a Scotian sea and away of far more sea from Thailand.

Under the deal, Seas bought a 30% stake in *Mercurio* at the same time it guaranteed the entire purchase price. Regan so far has assembled demands for a legislative inquiry, and Buchanan now hopes to have the legislature's industry committee investigate. "This MacNish business," says Buchanan, "will not only spread much of the year's playing Caribbean waters, but will actually take tourists away from Nova Scotia during the summer season." Buchanan is at least partly right. The *Mercurio's* proposed Maritime itinerary includes stops in Charlottetown, Corner Brook, Newfoundland, and the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

While the political debate continues and the cruise vessel gets acquainted in the Caribbean, prospective cruise clients eagerly await the *Mercurio's* arrival in Nova Scotia. The 357-foot, 3,813-ton vessel boasts among other innovations, a large swimming pool and a fully equipped bingo casino. The backdrop and double tables will not operate while the ship is inside Canada's territorial waters—i.e., the three-mile limit. The recently purchased 200-ft. *Mercurio* is an enormous ship, primarily designed to protect fish, the kind of fish, but it, that runs in the sea, not the kind that and speak it is the hope of breaking the bank.

—COREY BALDWIN

Mercurio Once stayed by to report Times



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Press

If one of them—Star or Gazette—has to go, it won't be quietly

At a time when most anglophone newspapers in Quebec are keeping their heads down, if not running for cover, the two English-language newspapers in Montreal are suddenly making more noise than they have in years. Aware that they're writing on the Canadian story of the decade and worried that perhaps the town may not prize their news enough for both of them, the morning *Gazette* and the evening *Star* are in the middle of an old-fashioned feud. Both have new senior management at their newsrooms, each is making the other's staff for sales and neither is taking or giving any quarter—all this despite the fact that they are controlled by rival chains that have retained voting stakes in other Canadian cities.

On the face of it, the battle for English-language readers in Montreal looks like a mismatch. The *Montreal Star* has a higher circulation, a bigger staff and a bigger news budget than *The Gazette*. The low circulation (60,000 Monday-to-Friday, 212,000 Saturdays) is also considerably smaller than *The Gazette* (130,000 Monday through Saturday). Furthermore, it has the strategic benefit of access to such quality foreign news services as *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Post*, syndicates, the *London Observer* and the *London Daily Telegraph*. *The Gazette* on the other hand, must make do with straight news service supplied by such as its parent group's parent, the *Scotiabank News Service* and the weak *Chicago Daily News* syndicate.

Both *Scotiabank Press Ltd.*, owners of *The Gazette* and its Publications, and the *Star* are not independent. In fact, *Star* helps explain the costly battle the paper has been fighting as *Star* owner *Gazette* publisher Ron Munro, 50, says he recalled, when he arrived in Montreal 14 years ago from the *Edmonton Journal*, was "to make *The Gazette* a good newspaper in possible." After taking up the *Montreal* edition and attending night school to polish his many French, Munro went on a hiring binge. He reached all the way to *The Toronto Star* for an editor-in-chief, all-rounder Mark Harrison, 53, who had done virtually every job but bundle the paper onto trucks during his 28 years with Canada's biggest newspaper. Originally skeptical about moving to Montreal (his French is less than perfect), Harrison accepted and was made up by the November 15 provincial election, which saw the Parti Québécois sweep to power. "I felt like Errol Flynn, at that time from *They Died With Their Boots On*," Harrison said



Harrison (top) and Goodson (below): the big game was in place, but the struggle began

after his appointment was announced. "You know, when the adjuvant met with *Star*'s staff, told him the *Star* had been attacked and asked what were the orders," Flynn said, "he said, 'I'm not sure of the game'."

Instead of finding out in the course of national unity though Harrison had been taking against the *Star*. One of his first moves was to hire Geoffrey Stevenson, 53, to be his managing editor. Stevenson, an assistant managing editor at the *Toronto Star* who had been devalued in his regular Saturday edition to place a possible Sunday edition, had grown weary of producing newspapers that nobody but his superiors ever saw, and jumped of the offer. Harrison rated the *Montreal Star* for his new city editor, hiring *Star* assistant managing editor Don Foley, who was bilingual and that Munro says he "spoke English with a French accent." *The Gazette* then picked off Hubert Branch from the *Toronto Globe*

and Mac for its Quebec City bureau, appointed veteran political writer Richard Dugan to be its Quebec bureau chief and named as *Montreal Star* staffer Mike Goodson photo editor. Says Harrison, "I will not dual-Orange business chief." He also needs more home newsroom talent, and considers this, at the moment, *The Gazette* is a long way from being the "good newspaper" it has been used to produce.

Harrison's task will not be made any easier by the competition across town. The *Montreal Star* has its longtime reincarnation (it has a new publisher, William Goodson, who moved up from the president's chair to succeed chairman Derrick Prime, editor-in-chief Frank Walker, who a decade ago went out and hired the best francophone reporter he could find and therefore gave the *Star* a huge advantage over *The Gazette* movement has restricted his newsroom.

Responsibility for the paper's content has been handed to new managing editor Raymond Heard. 40, Heard, a South African, was hired from the *London Observer*, where he was assistant editor. But Heard was no stranger to the *Star*, in Montreal from 1964 and 1973 he'd been the *Star*'s Washington bureau chief and had spent the three previous years working for the paper in Montreal. A Harvard graduate, Heard is a no-nonsense professional, "but he has a lot of plain analysis and good news." We are consciously setting out to explain to the anglophone community what is going on in French Canada."

Like Harrison, Heard has been reaching out for new readers wherever he can find them. He has hired editorial writer (from *Black* from *The Gazette* and named him to Quebec, Glen Allen, a former *Gazette* and *Maclean's* reporter, has been hired to a feature writer (from *Star*), has hired former *Gazette* city editor Ian Potts away from *Maclean's* and appointed him as assistant managing editor.

There is a general feeling that, sooner or later, one of the papers will emerge a clear winner in Montreal's English-language marketplace, with possible grave consequences for the loser. Some observers suggest that in the long run *Star* and *Star* will reach an accommodation in Montreal, perhaps like the one they reached in Vancouver where, 19½ afternoon *Star* shares a building with *Star*'s morning *Province*. For the moment, though, as Munro puts it, "It's premature even to consider such a thing [a Vancouver-type deal] here."

JOHN R. MILLER



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Television

Is there really a case for the case against the CBC's French network?

LOUIS MARTEL, Radio-Canada's director of information programming for television, was sitting in his office in Montreal's huge Radio-Canada headquarters and he seemed baffled. It was shortly before Prime Minister Trudeau announced he was asking the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission to conduct an inquiry into whether the government-owned French and English TV networks are supplying balanced coverage of Canada. Martel was talking about the charges of Radio-Canada's separation bias then being made by federal ministers and was asked what he thought they were based on. "Just don't know," he shrugged. "One minister complained that we're referred to 'the federal Prime Minister'."

More emotionally, another Radio-Canada broadcaster spluttered: "What are we supposed to say? In English you are premier for the provinces, premier for Canada. But the word premier doesn't exist in French in that sense."

The crux came out of Ottawa—from Senator Jean Marchand, Urban Affairs Minister André Gauthier, Revenue Minister Monique Bégin, Industry Minister Jean Charest, Labor Minister John Manoen and former cabinet minister Mitchell Sharp—were notable for their lack of specifics. Explaining why Charest would not be making any formal complaint, said Edward Goldring, observed: "There's nothing specific to make the complaint about. There's only a feeling."

But it's very suggestive that he spread a word mesh of a sense through Radio-Canada's offices and newspapers in Montreal. Publicly, the only someone who talks for the record are union representatives who, like Martel, adopt a tone of baffled calm. "These are professionals not propagandists," says Jacques Lefebvre, president of the union local that represents the Radio-Canada newscast. "They're journalists with years of experience."

But privately, several are uneasy about the McCordville tale of Urban Affairs Minister Gauthier's claim to be "a little unbalanced" that he is "in" of Radio-Canada newscasts. "Where will it lead? To go on my knees and swear oaths?" The Montreal Gazette's Josee Jolene, one of the most respected TV critics in the country, recently compared the Trudeau government's "outposts against the cable" to the Nixon administration's attacks on the US networks. Calling the inquiry "the most embarrassing and dishonest act of government," Jolene concluded that "after



Go Sol's Duquesne: It's not The National, which is, surely, something to reconsider it

warfare is in the air—and may prove a greater threat to national unity than anything the governments do."

So far, there have been few complaints from the public of bias in the news coverage. Federal Liberals argue privately that René Lévesque was tainted with much more dishonesty in the coverage of the fatal road accident he was involved in than Jean Marchand received in his role as accident in 1975. The Globe and Mail's Quebec correspondent, William Johnston, attacked the French-language press and Radio-Canada's coverage of Justice Minister Marc-Aurèle Bédard's last press conference on the Lévesque road accident, noting that there was little or no mention of the fact that Lévesque was driving without glasses.

Fair enough. But Johnston added that when Bédard and behind his words that Lévesque was not externally responsible. Radio-Canada reporter Jacques L'Archevêque "spoke up to express his agreement, asking the press conference that the population will come to a verdict." In fact, however, L'Archevêque had not signed on, he had phoned his remark as a question, and the population will come to a verdict? "The Globe man's reaction to Radio-Canada newscasts—the majority of them adequately viewed, the minority so often not appropriate. The Radio-Canada news—particularly the early evening news, on *Jeune*—is much more lively and varied than any of the English-Canadian news shows. This is partly due to the format. *Jeune*'s anchorman Bernard Desnoes inter-

views the correspondents, producing the kind of conversational style that the CBC radio program *It's a Mystery*. But it is also due to the nature of some of the reporters. The Radio-Canada Ottawa bureau—a four-person team of René Bouché, Paul Racine, Gilbert Bélanger and Madeleine Proulx—is one of the strongest bureaus in the Press Gallery, and almost certainly the strongest television bureau in the country.

There is no question that the Radio-Canada news and public affairs programs are very different from the CBC's. There is possibly less coverage of the arts, sciences, but more of Europe and Latin America—and, of course, much more about Quebec. Too much for some.

"When you listen to the English language news and then you watch the French news," Charest said Goldring once, "you feel you're in a different country." Louis Martel notes that this crudely explains the differences in the two networks' coverage: "They reflect two worlds; they respond to different needs."

Certainly. Radio-Canada's producers walk a difficult line. Between 80% and 90% of their audience is in Quebec. They do cover English Canada as much less depth than the CBC but they are the only French-speaking private broadcaster in all of Quebec. Not one Quebec French-language newspaper or private network has a correspondent west of Ottawa. For their efforts they get complaints from French-speaking viewers outside Quebec that there is too little on the role of Canada and from Quebec viewers that there is too much. Sometimes they start wondering if they can ever do anything right. It remains to be seen if the CBC inquiry due to report by July 1 makes their job easier or more difficult.

GERALD MARTEL

Films

Can a has-been find happiness with a never-was? In this case, yes



Carney, Tomlinson and Macy: good losses

THE LAST SHOW
Directed by Robert Redford
Art Carney as Ned Brecken, a semi-retired prize-fight promoter who travels by bus, returns a lecherous and suffers from bleeding ulcers and fallen ankles. Lily Tomlin as Margo, a never-was film star who keeps herself together by moving water parks, posing a little show to per form any analyst, manipulating a hapless singer and trying to get her own disco-dance business going. These two social cowards are joined—interestingly in *The Last Show*—a beguiling and happily unselfish comedy-mystery writer and director by Robert Redford, who as a decade ago co-authored a tale of another odd-couple couple. *Reverend and Chide*

As Ned and Margo live in the media wilderness of Los Angeles, the former possessor of any number of beloved awards and cracked drunken. The case Margo wants to solve—the kidnapping of her co-antelope, a complex, selfish, California nightmare of death robbery slattery blackmail and murder. Yet there is a crowd-sentimental sense of progress through these events: for days the two men with the growing body count. As Ned and Margo are nevertheless able to make a breakthrough in their own lives. In a nutshell the film, reminiscent of his was to his respect of his own to work out the mystery while Margo catches, among the twisted made of her career, a threat of cohesion.

The joy of *The Last Show* is Robert Redford's knowing eye for the comic relief of the rejected. The characters in the film

haven't made it, even in their own terms, but they wear their ordinariness with flair and originality. This allows for a rich richness in secondary roles as well. Bill Macy as a secretary/handler, pathetically overpays for the big break. Eugene Roche is a doctor who prescribes his pills like the most famous TV physician and John Cassidine as a slick bodyguard whose one concern about being tossed into a rooming house is saving his suitcase jacket. Thus, though the unweaving of the plot has its conventional pleasures, *The Last Show* achieves its distinction as a lamp of lovely losers. It is the heightened dimension that helps Carney and Tomlinson's performances to take off into an atmosphere all their own. Carney's aged gambler is a beautifully realized study of pride and dignity fighting against his physical frailty and Lily Tomlin's wild war of tabloidism, dispensing nervous energy and dated hip slang ("This is pinkie") at the same time. Ned Brecken has a winning vulnerability and *The Last Show* is a wonderfully modest and smart, but no performance less giggle.

Droll on ice

SLAP SHOT

Directed by George Roy Hill

Slap Shot is a loud, rowdy, foul-mouthed locker-room cartoon of a minor, with so much male-female energy and punch that you fear for your life if you don't respond to it. Nancy Dowd's snips, George Ray Hill's direction and Deke Allen's editing give this comic fable about winter-league hockey a hard-driven momentum. Within its post-thrash-comeback range, the film comes with a celebration of violence and a condemnation of it, the most thoughtful cynicism and a glory sentimentalism, like

your pick, there's something for everyone. The Charlies are a Chalk are a long team in a losing New England town; the mall that supports the community's economy is being sold, and the town at the bottom of a second-rate league, seems likely to be scrapped as well. That doesn't, however, take into account Reggie Dunlop, the Chalk's aging player-coach whose boyish enthusiasm melts his grey hair and who is played by Paul Newman in terrific real-life form.

Reggie wants to revitalize the Chalk so that they might be sold rather than scrapped. He tries—and the film doesn't explain why he had previously associated that good sportsmanship isn't what attracts hockey fans are more. Lying, embezzling, manipulating. Reggie gets the Chalk to play dirty. Disregarding the rules and punishing one throwaway, the team runs to the top of its league, but it is the crowd-fueled violence that brings the crowds to their feet.

Opposing Reggie is his protégé Ned Brecken (Marked O'Rourke), a player so dangerously clean that he'd been even Lady Byng. Brecken broods about hockey's hypocrisy and finally goes out by doing a single shot on skates in the championship game (There is also a fairly daring out-roping about Brecken's hard-drinking young wife who loves him to check up with Reggie).

The aging coach uses the underdog face of what he has done. "We was because I want them dirty," he growls, and you are the next, anticipating a twist in "good old boys' hockey." The film nobody is trying to be a hero. *Slap Shot* itself seems uncertain about what it wants to say or sell, but as vigor and the transparent good humor of Paul Newman keep the underdog hockey team's



Newman leading a charge on a heckler, the team that they together stay a league

It's criminal the way some people drink and drive.

Most people in this country drink and drive. You are probably one of them.

If you're like most others, you may not realize what you think is the legal limit when you're driving. Or you don't drink. The legal limit and the breathalyzer laws to enforce it are there for a very good reason. They are there to help stop the impaired drivers from driving and penalize them if necessary.

Alcohol is associated with approximately 60% of all traffic deaths.

Yet, there may have been times when you were impaired without knowing it. So, you'd had only a few drinks, but it takes only a few. You're self-impaired. If you're taking a prescription, or something you bought in a drugstore for an

ache or pain, the combined effect with alcohol could impair your driving ability considerably. You know you can't be too careful.

However, there are some people who don't seem to care.

In fact, they think disregarding the law is something to be proud of. "You should have seen me last night. I was so drunk, I couldn't walk, I had to drive." The tragedy is that persons who have said that, could have killed themselves and others, yet find it hard to change their ways. Instead of laughing at that kind of behavior, it's time to speak out against it. Support tough laws.

Tell people who have been drinking, not to drive.

Talk to your friends about the

dangers of impaired driving. Say "No thanks, I'm driving." "Talk doesn't do much," you say. Well, the fact is, it's our social attitudes and pressures that help cause the problem. By talking about them you'll help focus attention on the issue. Your attitude and your ideas for action are important.

It isn't easy. Some people just don't like being told. But, if you have the courage of your convictions, others will too. If you're not sure what to say, cut this out and talk about it with someone else. "Dialogue on drinking" is a program to help you talk about the problems. If you have any specific comments, we'd like to hear from you. We believe that if enough people talk about the problem, we're that much closer to solving them.

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energy, but there seems no warmth in her. Roy, the black businessman, is entertaining, taller but not at all a fully-realized character. Even one surreal Rube—through whom we are given all kinds of pointed details about her mutilation and the death of various relatives—is more remote than one would hope of a character through whose eyes the story is told. The trouble is that Rube's spontaneity of description, the oblique maintenance of the dialogue, the contemporary phraseology, manage to reduce the reader's access to the characters to something close to zero.

If this were all, the novel would merit only passing notice. The fact that it merits more is due to Rube's intelligence and agonizingly emotional humanity. She may emphasize, on occasion, everything cliché and display four-letter words with disruptive violence, but for the most part the book is skilfully written and—more importantly—shot through with Rube's compassion for the quietly desperate characters who, however transiently, inhabit it. It is this compassion that informs all her work, notably *This Is Not For You* (1990), whose central character is a displaced, orphaned, Lebanese and of mixed blood and who is able to function only by denying what she believes to be her victim, and *Against the Seasons* (1977), where the narrative of a small community record emotional risk by using the camouflage of safe, conventional behavior.

In her 1975 collection of essays *Lucian Kruger* Rube quotes the U.S. writer W.D. Calver: "Woman relationships... can never be wholly satisfactory. Every eye is half the time secretly working there, and half the time pulling away from them." Rube explains that Saskatchewan territory with care and accuracy in *The Young One Another's Arms*, for all its flawed, exceptional range. **ROBERT DILLON**

Art

Bringing back the past—at today's prices



West Coast Indian wooden pipe, repatriated from Britain after about 120 years

It was a particularly Canadian story that James Hooper, an English civil servant in the early 1960s, could beguile about to British visitors and canoe trips and amass a collection of rare native artifacts from Canada (unrepeated by any at home). When Hooper died in 1971, he left his collection of native artifacts (mostly from 1780-1900 Canadian aboriginal artifacts). Last November, two ethnologists from the National Museum in Ottawa flew to an auction site in Christie's in London to compete with a small circle of dealers, museummen and wealthy private collectors for the Canadian part of the Hooper collection. "The atmosphere was tremendously tense," recalls Denis Allard, one of the Canadian bidders. "I must have lost 10 pounds in three hours." When the business finally did, Allard had bought 95 of the 122 Canadian pieces at a cost of \$275,000.

In January, the Hooper purchases arrived in Ottawa, along with two other major acquisitions recently repatriated from outside the country: the Walsh collection from the United States, comprising 238 religious artifacts from the Great Medicine Society of the Ojibway people (including tape recordings, films and an unpublished manuscript), and from Britain for \$39,300 at auction, a 135-year-old, Maclean ceremonial pipe of a chief's regalia with ceremonial bells, a stone-headed tomahawk and beaded.

The purchases (and 30 others in the past four years) were financed by the Emergency Purchase Fund of the Museum of Man. In all, the federal government has spent \$2.2 million in the past 15 years buying back lost or Canadian heritage. Despite the cost, each collection has been a bargain considering the skyrocketing

prices for Indian artifacts. "The profit margin is remarkable, but that isn't the reason we bought the stuff," says Dr. William E. Taylor Jr., director of the Museum.

The reason is that, until this September policy, Canada had very little aboriginal art at home. Many native artifacts dating back before 1850 were destroyed or burned with the Indian dead. Early pioneers, preoccupied with the task of staying alive, had little inclination to gather art. Instead it was left to the 19th-century tourists—missionaries, for traders, explorers and military men—to bring artifacts home with them to Europe as souvenirs or as evidence of the "savagery." The Europeans well-to-do had their Cabinets of Curiosities, where these artifacts remained intact and usually in pristine condition. The Maclean ceremonial regalia, for example, was kept in a plastic bag in an English home until sold.

To ensure that the losses of the past are not repeated, the federal government last year passed Bill C-31, preventing the sale of Canadian artifacts outside the country until the National Museum of Man has had a chance to bid for them. Meanwhile the three collections just purchased will be returned later this year to their rightful resting grounds on long-term loan—the Maclean collection going to the Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax, the Walsh to the Glenbow-Alberta Institute in Calgary and the Hooper collection to various museums across the country.

But though visitors to the museums and government officials may be happy, some questions are over, remain. "It was a struggle to take these objects away," complains Henry W. Daniels, president of the Native Council of Canada, "and it's a sacrifice to bring them back, because they are not being returned to their rightful owners."

JULIANNE LAMBERT

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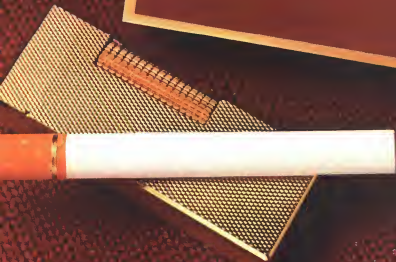
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